











BY WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

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The Habitant, and Other French-Canadian  
Poems.

Johnnie Courteau, and Other Poems.

Complete Edition, Cloth

Complete Edition, Leather

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THE RYERSON PRESS

# The Habitant

and

Other Typical Poems

By

William Henry Drummond



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**THE HABITANT  
AND  
OTHER POEMS**

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# In Memory of William Henry Drummond

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D., LL.D.

PEACE to his poet soul. Full well he knew  
To sing for those who know not how to  
praise

The woodsman's life, the farmer's patient toil,  
The peaceful drama of laborious days.

He made his own the thoughts of simple men,  
And with the touch that makes the world akin  
A welcome guest of lonely cabin homes,  
Found, too, no heart he could not enter in.

The toilworn doctor, women, children, men,  
The humble heroes of the lumber drives,  
Love, laugh, or weep along his peopled verse,  
Blithe 'mid the pathos of their meagre lives.

While thus the poet-love interpreted,  
He left us pictures no one may forget—  
Courteau, Batiste, Camille mon frère and best,  
The good brave curé, he of Calumette.

## IN MEMORIAM

With nature as with man at home, he loved  
The silent forest and the birches' flight  
Down the white peril of the rapids' rush,  
And the cold glamour of your Northern night.

Some mystery of genius haunts his page.  
Some wonder secret of the poet's spell  
Died with this master of the peasant thought.  
Peace to your Northland singer, and farewell!

Remember when these tales you read  
Of rude but honest "Canayen,"  
That Joliet, La Verandrye,  
La Salle, Marquette, and Hennepin  
Were all true "Canayen" themselves—  
And in their veins the same red stream:  
The conquering blood of Normandie  
Flowed strong, and gave America  
Coureurs de bois and voyageurs  
Whose trail extends from sea to sea!



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# The Habitant



# The Habitant

DE place I get born, me, is up on de reever  
Near foot of de rapide dat's call Cheval  
Blanc

Beeg mountain behin' it, so high you can't  
climb it

An' whole place she's mebbe two honder  
arpent.

De fader of me, he was habitant farmer,  
Ma gran' fader too, an' hees fader also,  
Dey don't mak' no monee, but dat isn't fonny  
For it's not easy get ev'ryt'ing, you mus'  
know—

All de sam' dere is somet'ing dey got ev'ry-  
boddy,

Dat's plaintee good healt', wat de monee can't  
geev,

So I'm workin' away dere, an' happy for stay  
dere

On farm by de reever, so long I was leev.

## THE HABITANT

O! dat was de place w'en de spring tam she's  
comin',

W'en snow go away, an' de sky is all blue—  
W'en ice lef' de water, an' sun is get hotter  
An' back on de medder is sing de gou-glou—

W'en small sheep is firs' comin' out on de pasture,  
Deir nice leetle tail stickin' up on deir back,  
Dey ronne wit' deir moder, an' play wit' each  
oder

An' jomp all de tam jus' de sam' dey was  
crack—

An' ole cow also, she's glad winter is over,  
So she kick herse'f up, an' start off on de  
race

Wit' de two-year-ole heifer, dat's purty soon  
lef' her,

W'y ev'ryt'ing's crazee all over de place!

An' down on de reever de wil' duck is quackin'  
Along by de shore leetle san' piper ronne—  
De bullfrog he's gr-rompin' an' doré is jompin'  
Dey all got deir own way for mak' it de fonne.

But spring's in beeg hurry, an' don't stay long  
wit' us

## THE HABITANT

An' firs' t'ing we know, she go off till nex' year,  
Den bee commence hummin', for summer is  
comin'

An' purty soon corn's gettin' ripe on de ear.

Dat's very nice tam for wake up on de morning  
An' lissen de rossignol sing ev'ry place,  
Feel sout' win' a-blowin', see clover a-growin',  
An' all de worl' laughin' itself on de face.

Mos' ev'ry day raf' it is pass on de rapide  
De voyageurs singin' some ole chanson  
'Bout girl down de reever—too bad dey mus'  
leave her,  
But comin' back soon wit' beaucoup d'argent.

An' den w'en de fall an' de winter come roun' us  
An' bird of de summer is all fly away,  
W'en mebbe she's snowin' an' nort' win' is  
blowin'  
An' night is mos' t'ree tam so long as de day.

You t'ink it was bodder de habitant farmer?  
Not at all—he is happy an' feel satisfy,  
An' cole may las' good w'ile, so long as de wood-  
pile  
Is ready for burn on de stove by an' bye.

## THE HABITANT

W'en I got plaintee hay put away on de stable  
So de sheep an' de cow, dey got no chance to  
freeze,  
An' de hen all togedder — I don't min' de  
wedder—  
De nort' win' may blow jus' so moche as she  
please.

An' some cole winter night how I wish you can  
see us,  
W'en I smoke on de pipe, an' de ole woman  
sew  
By de stove of T'ree Reeve—ma wife's fader  
geev her  
On day we get marry, dat's long tam ago—

De boy an' de girl, dey was readin' it's lesson,  
De cat on de corner she's bite heem de pup,  
Ole "Carleau" he's snorin' an' beeg stove is  
roarin'  
So loud dat I'm scare purty soon she bus' up.

Philomene—dat's de oldes'—is sit on de winder  
An' kip jus' so quiet lak wan leetle mouse,  
She say de more finer moon never was shiner—  
Very fonny, for moon isn't dat side de house.

## THE HABITANT

But purty soon den, we hear foot on de outside,  
An' some wan is place it hees han' on de  
latch,

Dat's Isidore Goulay, las' fall on de Brulé,  
He's tak' it firs' prize on de grand ploughin'  
match.

Ha! ha! Philomene!—dat was smart trick you  
play us

Come help de young feller tak' snow from  
hees neck,

Dere's not'ing for hinder you come off de winder  
W'en moon you was look for is come, I expec'—

Isidore, he is tole us de news on de parish  
'Bout hees Lajeunesse Colt—travel two forty,  
sure,

'Bout Jeremie Choquette, come back from  
Woonsocket

An' t'ree new leetle twin on Madame Vail-  
lancour'.

But nine o'clock strike, an' de chil'ren is sleepy,  
Mese'f an' ole woman can't stay up no more  
So alone by de fire—'cos dey say dey ain't  
tire—

We lef' Philomene an' de young Isidore.

## THE HABITANT

I s'pose dey be talkin' beeg lot on de kitchen  
'Bout all de nice moon dey was see on de  
sky,

For Philomene's takin' long tam get awaken  
Nex' day, she's so sleepy on bote of de eye.

Dat's wan of dem ting's, ev'ry tam on de  
fashion,

An' 'bout nices' t'ing dat was never be seen.  
Got not'ing for say me—I spark it sam' way  
me

W'en I go see de moder ma girl Philomene.

We leev very quiet 'way back on de contree  
Don't put on sam style lak de big village,  
W'en we don't get de monee you t'ink dat is  
fonny  
An' mak' plaintee sport on de Bottes Sauvages.

But I tole you—dat's true—I don't go on de  
city

If you geev de fine house an' beaucoup  
d'argent—

I rader be stay me, an' spen' de las' day me  
On farm by de rapide dat's call Cheval Blanc.



DE BELL OF SAINT MICHEL

*De Bell of Saint Michel*

GO 'way, go 'way, don't ring no more, ole  
bell of Saint Michel,  
For if you do, I can't stay here, you know dat  
very well,  
No matter how I close ma ear, I can't shut out  
de soun',  
It rise so high 'bove all de noise of dis beeg  
Yankee town.

An' w'en it ring, I t'ink I feel de cool, cool  
summer breeze  
Dat's blow across Lac Peezagonk, an' play  
among de trees,  
Dey're makin' hay, I know mese'f, can smell  
de pleasant smell  
O! how I wish I could be dere to-day on Saint  
Michel!

It's foony t'ing, for me I'm sure, dat's travel  
ev'ryw'ere,  
How moche I t'ink of long ago w'en I be leevin'  
dere;  
I can't 'splain dat at all, at all, mebbe it's  
naturel,  
But I can't help it w'en I hear de bell of Saint  
Michel.

## DE BELL OF SAINT MICHEL

Dere's plaintee t'ing I don't forget, but I remember bes'

De spot I fin' wan day on June de small san'-piper's nes'

An' dat hole on de reever w'ere I ketch de beeg, beeg trout

Was very nearly pull me in before I pull heem out.

An' leetle Elodie Leclair, I wonner if she still

Leev jus' sam' place she use to leev on 'noder side de hill.

But s'pose she marry Joe Barbeau, dat's alway hangin' roun'

Since I am lef' ole Saint Michel for work on Yankee town.

Ah! dere she go, ding dong, ding, dong, it's back, encore again

An' ole chanson come on ma head of "a la claire fontaine,"

I'm not surprise it soun' so sweet, more sweeter I can tell

For wit' de song also I hear de bell of Saint Michel.

## PELANG

It's very strange about dat bell, go ding dong  
all de w'ile

For when I'm small garçon at school, can't  
hear it half a mile;

But seems more farder I get off from Church  
of Saint Michel,

De more I see de ole village an' louder soun'  
de bell.

O! all de monee dat I mak' w'en I be travel roun'  
Can't kip me long away from home on dis beeg  
Yankee town,

I t'ink I'll settle down again on Parish Saint  
Michel,

An' leev an' die more satisfy so long I hear dat  
bell.

## *Pelang*

**P**ELANG! Pelang! Mon cher garçon,  
I t'ink of you—t'ink of you night and  
day—

Don't mak' no difference, seems to me  
De long long tam you're gone away.

. . . . .

De snow is deep on de Grande Montagne—  
Lak tonder de rapide roar below—

## PELANG

De sam' kin' night, ma boy get los'  
On beeg, beeg storm forty year ago.

An' I never was hear de win' blow hard,  
An' de snow come sweesh on de window  
pane—

But ev'ryt'ing 'pear lak' it's yesterday  
An' whole of ma troub' is come back again.

Ah me! I was foolish young girl den  
It's only ma own plaisir I care,  
An' w'en some dance or soirée come off  
Dat's very sure t'ing you will see me dere.

Don't got too moche sense at all dat tam,  
Run ev'ry place on de whole contree—  
But I change beeg lot w'en Pelang come 'long,  
For I love him so well, kin' o' steady me.

An' he was de bes' boy on Coteau,  
An' t'ink I am de bes' girl too for sure—  
He's tole me dat, geev de ring also  
Was say on de inside "Je t'aime toujours."

I geev heem some hair dat come off ma head,  
I mak' de nice stocking for warm hees feet,  
So ev'ryt'ing's feex, w'en de spring is come  
For mak' mariée on de church toute suite.

## PELANG

“W'en de spring is come!” Ah I don't see  
dat,

Dough de year is pass as dey pass before,  
An' de season come, an' de season go,  
But our spring never was come no more.

. . . . .

It's on de fête of de jour de l'an,  
An' de worl' outside is cole an' w'ite  
As I sit an' watch for mon cher Pelang  
For he's promise come see me dis very night.

Bonhomme Peloquin dat is leev near us—  
He's alway keep look heem upon de moon—  
See fonny t'ing dere only week before,  
An' say he's expec' some beeg storm soon.

So ma fader is mak' it de laugh on me  
“Pelang he's believe heem de ole Bonhomme  
Dat t'ink he see ev'ryt'ing on de moon  
An' mebbe he's feel it too scare for come.”

But I don't spik not'ing I am so sure  
Of de promise Pelang is mak' wit' me—  
An' de mos' beeg storm dat is never blow  
Can't kip heem away from hees own Marie.

## PELANG

I open de door, an' pass outside  
For see mese'f how de night is look  
An' de star is commence for go couché  
De mountain also is put on hees tuque.

No sooner, I come on de house again  
W'ere ev'ryt'ing feel it so nice an' warm,  
Dan out of de sky come de Nor' Eas' win'—  
Out of de sky come de beeg snow storm.

Blow lak not'ing I never see,  
Blow lak le diable he was mak' grande tour;  
De snow come down lak wan avalanche,  
An' cole! Mon Dieu, it is cole for sure!

I t'ink, I t'ink of mon pauvre garçon,  
Dat's out mebbe on de Grande Montagne;  
So I place chandelle w'ere it's geev good light,  
An' pray Le Bon Dieu he will help Pelang.

De ole folk t'ink I am go crazee,  
An' moder she's geev me de good night kiss;  
She say "Go off on your bed, Marie,  
Dere's nobody come on de storm lak dis."

But ma eye don't close dat long, long night  
For it seem jus' lak phantome is near,

## PELANG

An' I t'ink of de terrible Loup Garou  
An' all de bad story I offen hear.

Dere was tam I am sure somet'ing call "Marie"  
So plainly I open de outside door,  
But it's meet me only de awful storm,  
An' de cry pass away—don't come no more.

An' de morning sun, w'en he's up at las',  
Fin' me w'ite as de face of de snow itse'f,  
For I know very well, on de Grande Montagne,  
Ma poor Pelang he's come dead hese'f.

It's noon by de clock w'en de storm blow off,  
An' ma fader an' broder start out for see  
Any track on de snow by de mountain side,  
Or down on de place w'ere chemin should be.

No sign at all on de Grande Montagne,  
No sign all over de w'ite, w'ite snow;  
Only hear de win' on de beeg pine tree,  
An' roar of de rapide down below.

An' w'ere is he lie, mon cher Pelang?  
Pelang ma boy I was love so well!  
Only Le Bon Dieu up above  
An' mebbe de leetle snow bird can tell.

## PELANG

An' I t'ink I hear de leetle bird say,  
    "Wait till de snow is geev up its dead,  
Wait till I go, an' de robin come,  
    An' den you will fin' hees cole, cole bed."

An' it's all come true, for w'en de sun  
    Is warm de side of de Grande Montagne  
An' drive away all de winter snow,  
    We fin' heem at las', mon cher Pelang!

An' here on de fête of de jour de l'an,  
    Alone by mese'f I sit again,  
W'ile de beeg, beeg storm is blow outside,  
    An' de snow come sweesh on de window  
    pane.

Not all alone, for I t'ink I hear  
    De voice of ma boy gone long ago;  
Can hear it above de hurricane  
    An' roar of de rapide down below.

Yes—yes—Pelang, mon cher garçon!  
    I t'ink of you, t'ink of you night an' day,  
Don't mak' no difference seems to me  
    How long de tam you was gone away.



## THE CURÉ OF CALUMETTE

### *The Curé of Calumette*

[The Curé of a French Canadian parish, when summoned to the bedside of a dying member of his flock, always carries in his buggy or sleigh a bell. This bell serves two purposes: first, it has the effect of clearing a way for the passage of the good priest's vehicle, and, secondly, it calls to prayer those of the faithful who are within hearing of its solemn tones.]

DERE'S no voyageur on de reever never run  
hees canoe d'ecorce  
T'roo de roar an' de rush of de rapide, w'ere it  
jump lak a beeg w'ite horse,  
Dere's no hunter man on de prairie, never wear  
w'at you call racquette  
Can beat leetle Fader O'Hara, de Curé of  
Calumette.

Hees fader is full-blooded Irish, an' hees moder  
is pure Canayenne,  
Not offen dat stock go togedder, but she's fine  
combination ma frien'  
For de Irish he's full of de devil, an' de French  
dey got savoir faire,  
Dat's mak' it de very good balance an' tak' you  
mos' ev'ryw'ere.

## THE CURÉ OF CALUMETTE

But dere's wan t'ing de Curé wont stan' it; mak'  
fun on de Irlandais  
An' of course on de French we say not'ing, 'cos de  
parish she's all Canayen,  
Den you see on account of de moder, he can't  
spik hese'f very moche,  
So de ole joke she's all out of fashion, an' wan  
of dem t'ing we don't touch.

Wall! wan of dat kin' is de Curé, but w'en he be  
comin' our place  
De peop' on de parish all w'isper, "How young  
he was look on hees face;  
Too bad if de wedder she keel heem de firse tam  
he got leetle wet,  
An' de Bishop might sen' beeger Curé, for it's  
purty tough place, Calumette!"

Ha! ha! how I wish I was dere, me, w'en he go on  
de mission call  
On de shaintee camp way up de reever, drivin'  
hees own cariole,  
An' he meet blaggar' feller been drinkin', jus'  
enough mak' heem ack lak fou,  
Joe Vadeboncoeur, dey was call heem, an' he's  
purty beeg feller too!

## THE CURÉ OF CALUMETTE

Mebbe Joe he don't know it's de Curé, so he's  
hollerin', "Get out de way,  
If you don't geev me whole of de roadside,  
sapree! you go off on de sleigh."  
But de Curé he never say not'ing, jus' poule on  
de line leetle bit,  
An' w'en Joe try for kip heem hees promise, hees  
nose it get badly hit.

Maudit! he was strong leetle Curé, an' he go for  
Jo-zeph en masse  
An' w'en he is mak' it de finish, poor Joe isn't  
feel it firse class,  
So nex' tam de Curé he's goin' for visit de shain-  
tee encore  
Of course he was mak' beeges' mission never see  
on dat place before.

An' he know more, I'm sure dan de lawyer, an'  
dere's many poor habitant  
Is glad for see Fader O'Hara, an' ax w'at he t'ink  
of de law  
W'en dey get leetle troub' wit' each oder, an'  
don't know de bes' t'ing to do,  
Dat's makin' dem save plaintee monee, an' kip  
de good neighbor too.

## THE CURÉ OF CALUMETTE

But w'en we fin' out how he paddle till canoe she  
was nearly fly

An' travel racquette on de winter, w'en snow-  
dreef is pilin' up high

For visit some poor man or woman dat's waitin'  
de message of peace,

An' get dem prepare for de journey, we're proud  
on de leetle pries'!

O! many dark night w'en de chil'ren is put away  
safe on de bed

An' mese'f an' ma femme mebbe sittin' an'  
watchin' de small curly head

We hear somet'ing else dan de roar of de tonder,  
de win' an' de rain;

So we're bote passin' out on de doorway, an'  
lissen an' lissen again.

An' it's lonesome for see de beeg cloud sweepin'  
across de sky

An' lonesome for hear de win' cryin' lak some-  
body's goin' to die,

But de soun' away down de valley, creepin'  
aroun' de hill

All de tam gettin' closer, closer, dat's de soun'  
mak' de heart stan' still!

## THE CURÉ OF CALUMETTE

It's de bell of de leetle Curé, de music of deat'  
we hear,  
Along on de black road ringin', an' soon it was  
comin' near  
Wan minute de face of de Curé we see by de lan-  
tern light,  
An' he's gone from us, jus' lak a shadder, into de  
stormy night.

An' de buggy rush down de hill side an' over de  
bridge below,  
W'ere creek run so high on de spring-tam, w'en  
mountain t'row off de snow,  
An' so long as we hear heem goin', we kneel on de  
floor an' pray  
Dat God will look affer de Curé, an' de poor soul  
dat's passin' away.

I dunno if he need our prayer, but we geev it  
heem jus' de sam',  
For w'en a man's doin' hees duty lak de Curé do  
all de tam  
Never min' all de t'ing may happen, no matter  
he's riche or poor  
Le bon Dieu was up on de heaven, will look  
out for dat man, I'm sure.

## LITTLE LAC GRENIER

I'm only poor habitant farmer, an' mebbe know  
not'ing at all,  
But dere's wan t'ing I'm alway wishin', an  
dat's w'en I get de call  
For travel de far-away journey, ev'ry wan on de  
worl' mus' go  
He'll be wit' me de leetle Curé 'fore I'm leffin  
dis place below.

For I know I'll be feel more easy, if he's sittin'  
dere by de bed  
An' he'll geev me de good-bye message, an'  
place hees han' on ma head,  
Den I'll hol' if he'll only let me, dat han' till  
de las' las' breat'  
An' bless leetle Fader O'Hara, de Curé of  
Calumette.

### *Little Lac Grenier* (Gren-Yay)

**L**EETLE Lac Grenier, she's all alone,  
Right on de mountain top,  
But cloud sweepin' by, will fin' tam to stop  
No matter how quickly he want to go,  
So he'll kiss leetle Grenier down below.

## LITTLE LAC GRENIER

Leetle Lac Grenier, she's all alone,  
Up on de mountain high  
But she never feel lonesome, 'cos for w'y?  
So soon as de winter was gone away  
De bird come an' sing to her ev'ry day.

Leetle Lac Grenier, she's all alone,  
Back on de mountain dere,  
But de pine tree an' spruce stan' ev'rywhere  
Along by de shore, an' mak' her warm  
For dey kip off de win' an' de winter storm.

Leetle Lac Grenier, she's all alone,  
No broder, no sister near,  
But de swallow will fly, an' de beeg moose deer  
An' caribou too, will go long way  
To drink de sweet water of Lac Grenier.

Leetle Lac Grenier, I see you now,  
Onder de roof of spring  
Ma canoe's afloat, an' de robin sing,  
De lily's beginnin' her summer dress,  
An' trout's wakin' up from hees long long res'.

Leetle Lac Grenier, I'm happy now,  
Out on de ole canoe,  
For I'm all alone, ma chere, wit' you,

## JOHNNIE COURTEAU

An' if only a nice light rod I had  
I'd try dat fish near de lily pad!

Leetle Lac Grenier, O! let me go,  
Don't spik no more,  
For your voice is strong lak de rapid's roar,  
An' you know youse'f I'm too far away,  
For visit you now—leetle Lac Grenier!

### *Johnnie Courteau*

JOHNNIE COURTEAU of de mountain  
Johnnie Courteau of de hill  
Dat was de boy can shoot de gun  
Dat was de boy can jomp an' run  
An' it's not very offen you ketch heem still  
Johnnie Courteau!

Ax dem along de reever  
Ax dem along de shore  
Who was de mos' bes' fightin' man  
From Managance to Shaw-in-i-gan?  
De place w'ere de great beeg rapide roar,  
Johnnie Courteau!



## JOHNNIE COURTEAU

Sam' t'ing on ev'ry shaintee  
Up on de Mekinac  
Who was de man can walk de log,  
W'en w'ole of de reever she's black wit' fog  
An' carry de beeges' load on hees back?  
Johnnie Courteau!

On de rapide you want to see heem  
If de raf' she's swingin' roun'  
An' he's yellin' "Hooraw Bateese! good man!"  
W'y de oar come double on hees han'  
W'en he's makin' dat raf' go flyin' down  
Johnnie Courteau!

An' Tête de Boule chief can tole you  
De feller w'at save hees life  
W'en beeg moose ketch heem up a tree  
Who's shootin' dat moose on de head, sapree!  
An' den run off wit' hees Injun wife?  
Johnnie Courteau!

An' he only have pike pole wit' heem  
On Lac a la Tortue  
W'en he meet de bear comin' down de hill  
But de bear very soon is get hees fill!  
An' he sole dat skin for ten dollar too,  
Johnnie Courteau!

## JOHNNIE COURTEAU

Oh he never was scare for not'ing  
Lak de ole coureurs de bois,  
But w'en he's gettin' hees winter pay  
De bes' t'ing sure is kip out de way  
For he's goin' right off on de Hip Hooraw!  
Johnnie Courteau!

Den pullin' hees sash aroun' heem  
He dance on hees botte sauvage  
An' shout "All aboar' if you want to fight!"  
Wall! you never can see de finer sight  
W'en he go lak dat on de w'ole village!  
Johnnie Courteau!

But Johnnie Courteau get marry  
On Philomene Beaurepaire  
She's nice leetle girl was run de school  
On w'at you call Parish of Sainte Ursule  
An' he see her off on de pique-nique dere  
Johnnie Courteau!

Den somet'ing come over Johnnie  
W'en he marry on Philomene  
For he stay on de farm de w'ole year roun'  
He chop de wood an' he plough de groun'  
An' he's quieter feller was never seen,  
Johnnie Courteau!

## JOHNNIE COURTEAU

An' ev'ry wan feel astonish  
From La Tuque to Shaw-in-i-gan  
W'en dey hear de news was goin' aroun'  
Along on de reever up an' down  
How wan leetle woman boss dat beeg man  
Johnnie Courteau!

He never come out on de evening  
No matter de hard we try  
'Cos he stay on de kitchen an' sing hees song

“A la claire fontaine,  
M'en allant promener,  
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle  
Que je m'y suis baigner!  
Lui y'a longtemps que je t'aime  
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.”

Rockin' de cradle de w'ole night long  
Till baby's asleep on de sweet bimeby  
Johnnie Courteau!

An' de house, wall! I wish you see it  
De place she's so nice an' clean  
Mus' wipe your foot on de outside door,  
You're dead man sure if you spit on de floor,  
An' he never say not'ing on Philomene,  
Johnnie Courteau!

## LITTLE BATEESE

An' Philomene watch de monee  
An' put it all safe away  
On very good place; I dunno w'ere  
But anyhow nobody see it dere  
So she's buyin' new farm de noder day  
MADAME Courteau!

### *Little Bateese*

**Y**OU bad leetle boy, not moche you care  
How busy you're kipin' your poor gran'-  
père  
Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day  
Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay—  
W'y don't you geev dem a chance to lay?  
Leetle Bateese!

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough  
Den w'en you're tire you scare de cow  
Sickin' de dog till dey jomp de wall  
So de milk ain't good for not'ing at all—  
An' you're only five an' a half dis fall,  
Leetle Bateese!

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night?  
Never min' I s'pose it'll be all right

## LITTLE BATEESE

Say dem to-morrow—ah! dere he go!  
Fas' asleep in a minute or so—  
An' he'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow,  
Leetle Bateese!

Den wake us up right away toute suite  
Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat,  
Makin' me t'ink of dem long leg crane  
Soon as dey swaller, dey start again,  
I wonder your stomach don't get no pain,  
Leetle Bateese!

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,  
Look at de arm onderneat' hees head;  
If he grow lak dat till he's twenty year  
I bet he'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr  
An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here,  
Leetle Bateese!

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back,  
Won't geev heem moche bodder for carry pack  
On de long portage, any size canoe,  
Dere's not many t'ing dat boy won't do  
For he's got double-joint on hees body too,  
Leetle Bateese!

## WHEN ALBANI SANG

But leetle Bateese! please don't forget  
We rader you're stayin' de small boy yet,  
So chase de chicken an' mak' dem scare  
An' do w'at you lak wit' your ole gran'père  
For w'en you're beeg feller he won't be dere—  
Leetle Bateese!

### *When Albani Sang*

**W**AS workin' away on de farm dere, wan  
morning not long ago,  
Feexin' de fence for winter—'cos dat's w'ere  
we got de snow!  
W'en Jeremie Plouffe, ma neighbor, come over  
an' spik wit' me,  
"Antoine, you will come on de city, for hear  
Ma-dam All-ba-nee?"  
"W'at you mean?" I was sayin' right off, me,  
"Some woman was mak' de speech,  
Or girl on de Hooraw Circus, doin' high kick an'  
screech?"  
"Non—non," he is spikin'—"Excuse me, dat's  
be Ma-dam All-ba-nee  
Was leevin' down here on de contree, two mile  
'noder side Chambly.

## WHEN ALBANI SANG

“She’s jus’ comin’ over from Englan’, on  
steamboat arrive Kebeck,  
Singin’ on Lunnon, an’ Paree, an’ havin’ beeg  
tam, I expec’,  
But no matter de moche she enjoy it, for travel  
all roun’ de worl’,  
Somet’ing on de heart bring her back here, for  
she was de Chambly girl.

“She never do not’ing but singin’ an’ makin’  
de beeg grande tour  
An’ travel on summer an’ winter, so mus’ be  
de firs’ class for sure!  
Ev’ryboddy I’m t’inkin’ was know her, an’ I  
also hear ’noder t’ing,  
She’s frien’ on La Reine Victoria an’ show her  
de way to sing!”

“Wall,” I say, “you’re sure she is Chambly,  
w’at you call Ma-dam All-ba-nee?  
Don’t know me dat nam’ on de Canton—I  
hope you’re not fool wit’ me?”  
An’ he say, “Lajeunesse, dey was call her, be-  
fore she is come mariée,  
But she’s takin’ de nam’ of her husban’—I  
s’pose dat’s de only way.”

## WHEN ALBANI SANG

"C'est bon, mon ami," I was say me, "if I  
get t'roo de fence nex' day  
An' she don't want too moche on de monee,  
den mebbe I see her play."  
So I finish dat job on to-morrow, Jeremie he  
was helpin' me too,  
An' I say, "Len' me t'ree dollar quickly for  
mak' de voyage wit' you."

Correc'—so we're startin' nex' morning, an'  
arrive Montreal all right,  
Buy dollar tiquette on de bureau, an' pass on  
de hall dat night.  
Beeg crowd, wall! I bet you was dere too, all  
dress on some fancy dress,  
De lady, I don't say not'ing, but man's all  
w'ite shirt an' no ves'.

Don't matter, w'en ban' dey be ready, de fore-  
man strek out wit' hees steek,  
An' fiddle an' ev'ryt'ing else too, begin for  
play up de musique.  
It's fonny t'ing too dey was playin' don't lak  
it mese'f at all,  
I rader be lissen some jeeg, me, or w'at you  
call "Affer de ball."



## WHEN ALBANI SANG

An' I'm not feelin' very surprise den, w'en de  
crowd holler out, "Encore,"  
For mak' all dem feller commencin' an try  
leetle piece some more,  
'Twas better wan' too, I be t'inkin', but slow  
lak you're goin' to die,  
All de sam', noboddy say not'ing, dat mean  
dey was satisfy.

Affer dat come de Grande piano, lak we got on  
Chambly Hotel,  
She's nice lookin' girl was play dat, so of course  
she's go off purty well,  
Den feller he's ronne out an' sing some, it's  
all about very fine moon,  
Dat shine on Canal, ev'ry night too, I'm sorry  
I don't know de tune.

Nex' t'ing I commence get excite, me, for I  
don't see no great Ma-dam yet,  
Too bad I was los' all dat monee, an' too late  
for de raffle tiquette!  
W'en jus' as I feel very sorry, for come all de  
way from Chambly,  
Jeremie he was w'isper, "Tiens, Tiens, prenez  
garde, she's comin' Ma-dam All-ba-nee!"

## WHEN ALBANI SANG

Ev'ryboddy seem glad w'en dey see her, come  
walkin' right down de platform,  
An' way dey mak' noise on de han' den, w'y!  
it's jus' lak de beeg tonder storm!  
I'll never see not'ing lak dat, me, no matter  
I travel de worl',  
An' Ma-dam, you t'ink it was scare her? Non,  
she laugh lak de Chambly girl!

Dere was young feller comin' behin' her, walk  
nice, comme un Cavalier,  
An' before All-ba-nee she is ready an' piano  
get startin' for play,  
De feller commence wit' hees singin' more  
stronger dan all de res',  
I t'ink he's got very bad manner, know not'ing  
at all politesse.

Ma-dam, I s'pose she get mad den, an' before  
anyboddy can spik,  
She settle right down for mak' sing too, an'  
purty soon ketch heem up quick,  
Den she's kip it on gainin' an' gainin', till de  
song it is tout finis,  
An' w'en she is beatin' dat feller, Bagosh! I am  
proud Chambly!

## WHEN ALBANI SANG

I'm not very sorry at all, me, w'en de feller  
was ronnin' away,  
An' man he's come out wit' de piccolo, an'  
start heem right off for play,  
For it's kin' de musique I be fancy, Jeremie  
he is lak it also,  
An' wan de bes' t'ing on dat ev'ning is man  
wit' de piccolo!

Den mebbe ten minute is passin', Ma-dam she  
is comin' encore,  
Dis tam all alone on de platform, dat feller don't  
show up no more,  
An' w'en she start off on de singin' Jeremie  
say, "Antoine, dat's Français,"  
Dis give us more pleasure, I tole you, 'cos  
w'y? We're de pure Canayen!

Dat song I will never forget me, 'twas song of  
de leetle bird,  
W'en he's fly from it's nes' on de tree top, 'fore  
res' of de worl' get stirred,  
Ma-dam she was tole us about it, den start off  
so quiet an' low,  
An' sing lak de bird on de morning, de poor  
leetle small oiseau.

## WHEN ALBANI SANG

I 'member wan tam I be sleepin' jus' onder  
some beeg pine tree  
An' song of de robin wak' me, but robin he  
don't see me,  
Dere's not'ing for scarin' dat bird dere, he's  
feel all alone on de worl',  
Wall! Ma-dam she mus' lissen lak dat too, w'en  
she was de Chambly girl!

'Cos how could she sing dat nice chanson, de  
sam' as de bird I was hear,  
Till I see it de maple an' pine tree an' Richelieu  
ronnin' near,  
Again I'm de leetle feller, lak young colt upon  
de spring  
Dat's jus' on de way I was feel, me, w'en Ma-  
dam All-ba-nee is sing!

An' affer de song it is finish, an' crowd is mak'  
noise wit' its han',  
I s'pose dey be t'inkin' I'm crazy, dat mebbe  
I don't onderstan',  
'Cos I'm set on de chair very quiet, mese'f an'  
poor Jeremie,  
An' I see dat hees eye it was cry too, jus' sam'  
way it go wit' me.

## THE WRECK OF THE "JULIE PLANTE"

Dere's rosebush outside on our garden, ev'ry  
spring it has got new nes',  
But only wan bluebird is buil' dere, I know her  
from all de res',  
An' no matter de far she be flyin' away on de  
winter tam,  
Back to her own leetle rosebush she's comin'  
dere jus' de sam'.

We're not de beeg place on our Canton, mebbe  
cole on de winter, too,  
But de heart's "Canayen" on our body, an'  
dat's warm enough for true!  
An' w'en All-ba-nee was got lonesome for travel  
all roun' de worl'  
I hope she'll come home, lak de bluebird an'  
again be de Chambly girl!

### *The Wreck of the "Julie Plante"—A Legend of Lac St. Pierre*

ON wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,  
De win' she blow, blow, blow,  
An' de crew of de wood scow "Julie Plante"  
Got scar't an' run below—

## THE WRECK OF THE "JULIE PLANTE"

For de win' she blow lak hurricane  
Bimeby she blow some more,  
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre  
Wan arpent from de shore.

De captinne walk on de fronte deck,  
An' walk de hin' deck too—  
He call de crew from up de hole  
He call de cook also.  
De cook she's name was Rosie,  
She come from Montreal,  
Was chambre maid on lumber barge,  
On de Grande Lachine Canal.

De win' she blow from nor'-eas'-wes',—  
De sout' win' she blow too,  
W'en Rosie cry "Mon cher captinne,  
Mon cher, w'at I shall do?"  
Den de captinne t'row de big ankerre,  
But still the scow she dreef,  
De crew he can't pass on de shore,  
Becos' he los' hees skeef.

De night was dark lak' wan black cat,  
De wave run high an' fas',  
W'en de captinne tak' de Rosie girl  
An' tie her to de mas'.

## THE WRECK OF THE "JULIE PLANTE"

Den he also tak' de life preserve,  
An' jomp off on de lak',  
An' say, "Good-bye, ma Rosie dear,  
I go drown for your sak'."

Nex' morning very early  
'Bout ha'f-pas' two—t'ree—four—  
De captinne—scow—an' de poor Rosie  
Was corpses on de shore,  
For de win' she blow lak' hurricane  
Bimeby she blow some more,  
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,  
Wan arpent from de shore.

### MORAL

Now all good wood scow sailor man  
Tak' warning by dat storm  
An' go an' marry some nice French girl  
An' leev on wan beeg farm.  
De win' can blow lak' hurricane  
An' s'pose she blow some more,  
You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre  
So long you stay on shore.

## LE VIEUX TEMPS

### *Le Vieux Temps*

VENEZ ici, mon cher ami, an' sit down by  
me—so

An' I will tole you story of old tam long ago—  
W'en ev'ryt'ing is happy—w'en all de bird is  
sing

An' me!—I'm young an' strong lak moose an'  
not afraid no t'ing.

I close my eye jus' so, an' see de place w'ere  
I am born—

I close my ear an' lissen to musique of de horn,  
Dat's horn ma dear ole moder blow—an' only  
t'ing she play

Is “viens donc vite Napoléon—'peche toi pour  
votre souper.”—

An' w'en he's hear dat nice musique—ma  
leetle dog “Carleau”

Is place hees tail upon hees back—an' den  
he's let heem go—

He's jomp on fence—he's swimmin' crik—  
he's ronne two forty gait,

He say “dat's somet'ing good for eat—Car-  
leau mus' not be late.”



## LE VIEUX TEMPS

O dem was pleasure day for sure, dem day of  
long ago  
W'en I was play wit' all de boy, an' all de girl  
also;  
An' many tam w'en I'm alone an' t'ink of day  
gone by  
An' pull latire an' spark de girl, I cry upon my  
eye.

Ma fader an' ma moder too, got nice, nice familiee,  
Dat's ten garçon an' t'orteen girl, was mak' it  
twenty t'ree  
But fonny t'ing de Gouvernement don't geev  
de firs' prize den  
Lak w'at dey say dey geev it now, for only  
wan douzaine.

De English peep dat only got wan familiee  
small size  
Mus' be feel glad dat tam dere is no honder  
acre prize  
For fader of twelve chil'ren—dey know dat  
mus' be so,  
De Canayens would boss Kebeck—mebbe  
Ontario.

## LE VIEUX TEMPS

But dat is not de story dat I was gone tole  
you

About de fun we use to have w'en we leev a  
chez nous

We're never lonesome on dat house, for many  
cavalier

Come at our place mos' every night—especially  
Sun-day.

But tam I 'member bes' is w'en I'm twenty  
wan year—me—

An' so for mak' some pleasurement—we geev  
wan large soirée

De whole paroisse she be invite—de Curé he's  
come too—

Wit' plaintee peep from 'noder place—dat's  
more I can tole you.

De night she's cole an' freeze also, chemin  
she's fill wit' snow

An' on de chimley lak phantome, de win' is  
mak' it blow—

But boy an' girl come all de sam' an' pass on  
grande parloir

For warm itself on beeg box stove, was mak'  
on Trois Rivières—

## LE VIEUX TEMPS

An' w'en Bonhomme Latour commence for  
tune up hees fidelle

It mak' us all feel very glad—l'enfant! he play  
so well,

Musique suppose to be firs' class, I offen hear,  
for sure

But mos' bes' man, beat all de res', is ole Bateese  
Latour—

An' w'en Bateese play Irish jeeg, he's learn  
on Mattawa

Dat tam he's head boss cook Shaintee—den  
leetle Joe Leblanc

Tak' hole de beeg Marie Juneau an' dance  
upon de floor

Till Marie say "Excuse to me, I cannot dance  
no more."—

An' den de Curé's mak' de speech—ole Curé  
Ladouceur!

He say de girl was spark de boy too much on  
some cornerre—

An' so he's tole Bateese play up ole fashion  
reel a quatre

An' every body she mus' dance, dey can't get  
off on dat.

## LE VIEUX TEMPS

Away she go—hooraw! hooraw! plus fort Bateese,  
mon vieux

Camille Bisson, please watch your girl—dat's  
bes' t'ing you can do.

Pass on de right an' tak' your place Mamzelle  
Des Trois Maisons

You're s'pose for dance on Paul Laberge, not  
Telesphore Gagnon.

Mon oncle Al-fred, he spik lak' dat—'cos he is  
boss de floor,

An' so we do our possibill an' den commence  
encore.

Dem crowd of boy an' girl I'm sure keep up  
until nex' day

If ole Bateese don't stop heseff, he come so  
fatigué.

An' affer dat, we eat some t'ing, tak' leetle  
drink also

An' de Curé, he's tole story of many year ago—  
W'en Iroquois sauvage she's keel de Canayens  
an' steal deir hair,

An' say dat's only for Bon Dieu, we don't be  
here—he don't be dere.

## LE VIEUX TEMPS

But dat was mak' de girl feel scare—so all de cavalier

Was ax hees girl go home right off, an' place her on de sleigh,

An' w'en dey start, de Curé say, "Bonsoir et bon voyage

Menagez-vous—tak' care for you—prenez garde pour les sauvages."

An' den I go meseff also, an' tak' ma belle Elmire—

She's nicer girl on whole Comté, an' jus' got eighteen year—

Black hair—black eye, an' chick rosée dat's lak' wan fameuse on de fall

But don't spik much—not of dat kin', I can't say she love me at all.

Ma girl—she's fader beeg farmeur—leev 'noder side St. Flore

Got five-six honder acre—mebbe a leetle more—  
Nice sugar bush—une belle maison—de bes' I never see—

So w'en I go for spark Elmire, I don't be mak' de foolish me—

## LE VIEUX TEMPS

Elmire!—she's pass t'ree year on school—Ste.  
Anne de la Perade.

An' w'en she's tak' de firs' class prize, dat's  
mak' de ole man glad;

He say "Ba gosh—ma girl can wash—can keep  
de kitchen clean

Den change her dress—mak' politesse before  
God save de Queen."

Dey's many way for spark de girl, an' you  
know dat of course,

Some way dey might be better way, an' some  
dey might be worse

But I lak' sit some cole night wit' my girl on  
ole burleau

Wit' lot of hay keep our foot warm—an' plaintee  
buffalo—

Dat's geev good chances get acquaint—an' if  
burleau upset

An' t'row you out upon de snow—dat's better  
chances yet—

An' if you help de girl go home, if horse he  
ronne away

De girl she's not much use at all—don't geev  
you nice baisers!

## LE VIEUX TEMPS

Dat's very well for fun ma frien', but w'en  
you spark for keep  
She's not sam' t'ing an' mak' you feel so scare  
lak' leetle sheep  
Some tam' you get de fever—some tam' you're  
lak' snowball  
An' all de tam' you ack lak' fou—can't spik no  
t'ing at all.

Wall! dat's de way I feel meseff, wit' Elmire  
on burleau,  
Jus' lak' small dog try ketch hees tail—roun'  
roun' ma head she go  
But bimeby I come more brave—an' tak' El-  
mire she's han'  
“Laisse-moi tranquille” Elmire she say “You  
mus' be crazy man.”

“Yass—yass” I say “mebbe you t'ink I'm wan  
beeg loup garou,  
Dat's forty t'ousand 'noder girl, I lef' dem all  
for you,  
I s'pose you know Polique Gauthier your frien'  
on St. Cesaire  
I ax her marry me nex' wick—she tak' me—I  
don't care.”

## LE VIEUX TEMPS

Ba gosh; Elmire she don't lak' dat—it mak'  
her feel so mad—

She commence cry, say "Poleon you treat me  
very bad—

I don't lak' see you t'row you'seff upon Polique  
Gauthier,

So if you say you love me sure—we mak' de  
mariée."—

Oh it was fine tam affer dat—Castor I t'ink he  
know,

We're not too busy for get home—he go so  
nice an' slow,

He's only upset t'ree—four tam—an' jus'  
about daylight

We pass upon de ole man's place—an' every  
t'ing's all right.

Wall! we leev happy on de farm for nearly  
fifty year,

Till wan day on de summer tam—she die—ma  
belle Elmire

I feel so lonesome lef' behin'—I tink 'twas  
bes' mebbe—

Dat w'en le Bon Dieu tak' ma famme—he  
should not forget me.



## "DE PAPINEAU GUN"

But dat is hees biz-ness ma frien'—I know  
dat's all right dere  
I'll wait till he call "'Poleon" den I will be  
prepare—  
An' w'en he fin' me ready, for mak' de longue  
voyage  
He guide me t'roo de wood hesef upon ma las'  
portage.

### *"De Papineau Gun"—An Incident of the Canadian Rebellion of 1837*

**B**ON jour, M'sieu'—you want to know  
'Bout dat ole gun—w'at good she's for?  
W'y! Jean Bateese Bruneau—mon père,  
Fight wit' dat gun on Pap'neau War!

Long tam since den you say—C'est vrai,  
An' me too young for 'member well,  
But how de patriot fight an' die,  
I offen hear de ole folk tell.

De English don't ack square dat tam,  
Don't geev de habitants no show,  
So 'long come Wolfred Nelson  
Wit' Louis Joseph Papineau.

"DE PAPINEAU GUN"

An' swear de peep mus' have deir right.

Wolfred he's write Victoriaw,  
But she's no good, so den de war  
Commence among de habitants.

Mon père he leev to Grande Brulé.

So smarter man you never see,  
Was alway on de grande hooraw!  
Plaintee w'at you call "Esprit!"

An' w'en dey form wan compagnie  
All dress wit' tuque an' ceinture sash  
Ma fader tak' hees gun wit' heem  
An' marche away to Saint Eustache,

W'ere many patriots was camp  
Wit' brave Chenier, deir Capitaine,  
W'en 'long come English Generale,  
An' more two t'ousan' sojer man.

De patriot dey go on church  
An' feex her up deir possibill;  
Dey fight deir bes', but soon fin' out  
"Canon de bois" no good for kill.

An' den de church she come on fire,  
An' burn almos' down to de groun',

## "DE PAPINEAU GUN"

So w'at you t'ink our man can do  
Wit' all dem English armee roun'?

'Poleon, hees sojer never fight  
More brave as dem poor habitants,  
Chenier, he try for broke de rank  
Chenier come dead immediatement.

He fall near w'ere de cross is stan'  
Upon de ole church cimitiere,  
Wit' Jean Poulin an' Laframboise  
An' plaintee more young feller dere.

De gun dey rattle lak' tonnere  
Jus' bang, bang, bang! dat's way she gc,  
An' wan by wan de brave man's fall  
An' red blood's cover all de snow.

Ma fader shoot so long he can  
An' den he's load hees gun some more,  
Jomp on de ice behin' de church  
An' pass heem on de 'noder shore.

Wall! he reach home fore very long  
An' keep perdu for many day,  
Till ev'ry t'ing she come tranquille,  
An' sojer man all gone away.

## HOW BATEESE CAME HOME

An' affer dat we get our right,  
De Canayens don't fight no more,  
Ma fader's never shoot dat gun,  
But place her up above de door.

An' Papineau, an' Nelson too  
Dey're gone long tam, but we are free,  
Le Bon Dieu have 'em 'way up dere.  
Salut, Wolfred! Salut, Louis!

### *How Bateese Came Home*

**W**'EN I was young boy on de farm, dat's  
twenty year ago

I have wan frien' he's leev near me, call Jean  
Bateese Trudeau

An' offen w'en we are alone, we lak for spik about  
De tam w'en we was come beeg man, wit'  
moustache on our mout'.

Bateese is get it on hees head, he's too moche  
educate

For mak' de habitant farmerre—he better go  
on State—

An' so wan summer evening we're drivin'  
home de cow

He's tole me all de whole beez-nesse—jus' lak  
you hear me now.

## HOW BATEESE CAME HOME

“W’at’s use mak’ foolish on de farm? dere’s  
no good chances lef’

An’ all de tam you be poor man—you know  
dat’s true you’s’e’f;

We never get no fun at all—don’t never go on  
spree

Unless we pass on ’noder place, an’ mak’ it  
some monee.

“I go on Les Etats Unis, I go dere right away  
An’ den mebbe on ten-twelve year, I be riche  
man some day,

An’ w’en I mak’ de large fortune, I come back  
Is’pose

Wit’ Yankee famme from off de State, an’  
monee on my clothes.

“I tole you somet’ing else also—mon cher  
Napoleon

I get de grande majorité, for go on parlia-  
ment

Den buil’ fine house on borde l’eau—near w’ere  
de church is stand

More finer dan de Presbytere, w’en I am come  
riche man!”

## HOW BATEESE CAME HOME

I say "For w'at you spik lak dat? you must  
be gone crazee  
Dere's plaintee feller on de State, more smarter  
dan you be,  
Beside she's not so healtee place, an' if you  
mak' l'argent,  
You spen' it jus' lak Yankee man, an' not lak  
habitant.

"For me Bateese! I tole you dis: I'm very  
satisfy—  
De bes' man don't leev too long tam, some  
day Ba Gosh! he die—  
An' s'pose you got good trotter horse, an' nice  
famme Canadienne  
Wit' plaintee on de house for eat—W'at more  
you want ma frien'?"

But Bateese have it all mak' up, I can't stop  
him at all  
He's buy de seconde classe tiquette, for go on  
Central Fall—  
An' wit' two-t'ree some more de boy,—w'at  
t'ink de sam' he do  
Pass on de train de very nex' wick, was lef'  
Rivière du Loup.

. . . . .

## HOW BATEESE CAME HOME

Wall! mebbe fifteen year or more, since Bateese  
go away

I fin' mesef Rivière du Loup, wan cole, cole  
winter day

De quick express she come hooraw! but stop  
de soon she can

An' beeg swell feller jomp off car, dat's boss  
by nigger man.

He's dressim on de première classe, an' got  
new suit of clothes

Wit' long moustache dat's stickim out, de 'noder  
side hees nose

Fine gol' watch chain—nice portmanteau—an'  
long, long overcoat

Wit' beaver hat—dat's Yankee style—an' red  
tie on hees t'roat—

I say "Hello Bateese! Hello! Comment ça va  
mon vieux?"

He say "Excuse to me, ma frien' I t'ink I don't  
know you."

I say, "She's very curis t'ing, you are Bateese  
Trudeau,

Was raise on jus' sam' place wit' me, dat's  
fifteen year ago?"

## HOW BATEESE CAME HOME

He say, "Oh yass dat's sure enough—I know  
you now firs' rate,

But I forget mos' all ma French since I go on  
de State.

Dere's 'noder t'ing kip on your head, ma frien'  
dey mus' be tole

Ma name's Bateese Trudeau no more, but  
John B. Waterhole!"

"Hole on de water's" fonny name for man  
w'at's call Trudeau

Ma frien's dey all was spik lak dat, an' I am  
tole heem so—

He say "Trudeau an' Waterhole she's jus'  
about de sam'

An' if you go for leev on State, you must have  
Yankee nam'."

Den we invite heem come wit' us, "Hotel du  
Canadaw"

W'ere he was treat mos' ev'ry tam, but can't  
tak' w'isky blanc,

He say dat's leetle strong for man jus' come  
off Central Fall

An' "tabac Canayen" bedamme! he won't  
smoke dat at all!—



## HOW BATEESE CAME HOME

But fancy drink lak "Collings John" de way  
he put it down

Was long tam since I don't see dat—I t'ink  
he's goin' drown!—

An' fine cigar cos' five cent each, an' mak' on  
Trois-Rivières

L'enfant! he smoke beeg pile of dem—for  
monee he don't care!—

I s'pose meseff it's t'ree o'clock w'en we are  
t'roo dat night

Bateese, hees fader come for heem, an' tak'  
heem home all right

De ole man say Bateese spik French, w'en he  
is place on bed—

An' say bad word—but w'en he wake—forget  
it on hees head—

Wall! all de winter w'en we have soirée dat's  
grande affaire

Bateese Trudeau, dit Waterhole, he be de boss  
man dere—

You bet he have beeg tam, but w'en de spring  
is come encore

He's buy de première classe tiquette for go on  
State some more.

. . . . .

## HOW BATEESE CAME HOME

You 'member w'en de hard tam come on Les  
Etats Unis

An' plaintee Canayens go back for stay deir  
own contrée?

Wall! jus' about dat tam again I go Rivière  
du Loup

For sole me two t'ree load of hay—mak' leetle  
visit too—

De freight train she is jus' arrive—only ten  
hour delay—

She's never carry passengaire—dat's w'at dey  
always say—

I see poor man on char caboose—he's got heem  
small valise

Begosh! I nearly tak' de fit,—It is—it is  
Bateese!

He know me very well dis tam, an' say "Bon  
jour, mon vieux

I hope you know Bateese Trudeau was educate  
wit' you

I'm jus' come off de State to see ma familee  
encore

I bus' mesef on Central Fall—I don't go dere  
no more.

## HOW BATEESE CAME HOME

“I got no monee—not at all—I’m broke it up  
for sure—

Dat’s locky t’ing, Napoleon, de brakeman  
Joe Latour

He’s cousin of wan frien’ of me call Camille  
Valiquette,

Conductor too’s good Canayen—don’t ax me  
no tiquette.”

I tak’ Bateese wit’ me once more “Hotel du  
Canadaw”

An’ he was glad for get de chance drink some  
good w’isky blanc!

Dat’s warm heem up, an den he eat mos’ ev’ry-  
t’ing he see,

I watch de w’ole beez-ness mese’f—Monjee!  
he was hongree!

Madame Charette wat’s kip de place get very  
much excite

For see de many pork an’ bean Bateese put out  
of sight

Du pain doré—potate pie—an’ ’noder t’ing be  
dere

But w’en Bateese is get heem t’roo—dey go I  
don’t know w’ere.

## HOW BATEESE CAME HOME

It don't tak' long for tole de news "Bateese  
come off de State"

An' purty soon we have beeg crowd, lak village  
she's en fête

Bonhomme Maxime Trudeau hese'f, he's comin'  
wit' de pries'

An' pass' heem on de "Room for eat" w'ere  
he is see Bateese.

Den ev'rybody feel it glad, for watch de em-  
brasser

An' bimeby de ole man spik "Bateese you here  
for stay?"

Bateese he's cry lak beeg bebè, "Bâ j'eux rester  
ici.

An' if I never see de State, I'm sure I don't  
care—me."

"Correc'," Maxime is say right off, "I place  
you on de farm

For help your poor ole fader, won't do you too  
moche harm

Please come wit' me on Magasin, I feex you  
up—bâ oui

An' den you're ready for go home an' see de  
familee."

## DE NICE LEETLE CANADIENNE

Wall! w'en de ole man an' Bateese come off de  
Magasin

Bateese is los' hees Yankee clothes—he's dress  
lak Canayen

Wit' bottes sauvages—ceinture fléché—an' coat  
wit' capuchon

An' spik Français au naturel, de sam' as habitant.

. . . . .

I see Bateese de oder day, he's work hees fader's  
place

I t'ink mese'f he's satisfy—I see dat on hees face  
He say "I got no use for State, mon cher Napoleon  
Kebeck she's good enough for me—Hooraw  
pour Canadaw."

### *De Nice Leetle Canadienne*

**Y**OU can pass on de worl' w'erever you lak,  
Tak' de steamboat for go Angleterre,  
Tak' car on de State, an' den you come back,  
An' go all de place, I don't care—  
Ma frien' dat's a fack, I know you will say,  
W'en you come on dis contree again,  
Dere's no girl can touch, w'at we see ev'ry day,  
De nice leetle Canadienne.

## DE NICE LEETLE CANADIENNE

Don't matter how poor dat girl she may be,  
Her dress is so neat an' so clean,  
Mos' ev'rywan t'ink it was mak' on Paree  
An' she wear it, wall! jus' lak de Queen.  
Den come for fin' out she is mak' it herse'f,  
For she ain't got moche monee for spen',  
But all de sam' tam, she was never get lef',  
Dat nice leetle Canadienne.

W'en "un vrai Canayen" is mak' it mariée,  
You t'ink he go leev on beeg flat  
An' bodder hese'f all de tam, night an' day,  
Wit' housemaid, an' cook, an' all dat?  
Not moche, ma dear frien', he tak' de maison,  
Cos' only nine dollar or ten,  
W'ere he leev lak blood rooster, an' save de  
l'argent,  
Wit' hees nice leetle Canadienne.

I marry ma famme w'en I'm jus' twenty year,  
An' now we got fine familee,  
Dat skip roun' de place lak leetle small deer,  
No smarter crowd you never see—  
An' I t'ink as I watch dem all chasin' about,  
Four boy an' six girl, she mak' ten,  
Dat's help mebbe kip it, de stock from run out,  
Of de nice leetle Canadienne.

'POLEON DORÉ—A TALE OF SAINT MAURICE

O she's quick an' she's smart, an' got plaintee  
heart,

If you know correc' way go about,  
An' if you don't know, she soon tole you so  
Den tak' de firs' chance an' get out;  
But if she love you, I spik it for true,  
She will mak' it more beautiful den,  
An' sun on de sky can't shine lak de eye  
Of dat nice leetle Canadienne.

*'Poleon Doré--A Tale of the Saint Maurice*

YOU have never hear de story of de young  
Napoleon Doré?

Los' hees life upon de reever w'en de lumber  
drive go down?

W'ere de rapide roar lak tonder, dat's de place  
he's goin' onder,

W'en he's try save Paul Desjardins, 'Poleon  
hese'f is drown.

All de winter on de Shaintee, tam she's good  
and work she's plaintee,

But we're not feel very sorry, w'en de sun is  
warm hees face,

## 'POLEON DORÉ—A TALE OF SAINT MAURICE

W'en de mooshrat an' de beaver, tak' some  
leetle swim on reever,  
An' de sout' win' scare de snowbird, so she  
fly some col'er place.

Den de spring is set in steady, an' we get de  
log all ready,  
Workin' hard all day an' night too, on de  
water mos' de tam,  
An' de skeeter w'en dey fin' us, come so quickly  
nearly blin' us,  
Biz—biz—biz—biz—all aroun' us till we feel  
lak sacrédam.

All de sam' we're hooraw feller, from de top  
of house to cellar,  
Ev'ry boy he's feel so happy, w'en he's goin'  
right away,  
See hees fader an' hees moder, see hees sister  
an' hees broder,  
An' de girl he spark las' summer, if she's  
not get mariée.

Wall we start heem out wan morning, an' de  
pilot geev us warning,  
“W'en you come on Rapide Cuisse, ma  
frien', keep raf' she's head on shore.



'POLEON DORÉ—A TALE OF SAINT MAURICE

If you struck beeg rock on middle, w'ere le  
diable is play hees fiddle,  
Dat's de tam you pass on some place, you  
don't never pass before."

But we'll not t'ink moche of danger, for de  
rapide she's no stranger  
Many tam we're runnin' t'roo it, on de fall  
an' on de spring,  
On mos' ev'ry kin' of wedder dat le Bon Dieu  
scrape togedder,  
An' we'll never drown noboddy, an' we'll  
never bus' somet'ing.

Dere was Telesphore Montbriand, Paul Desjardins,  
Louis Guyon,  
Bill McKeever, Aleck Gauthier, an' hees  
cousin Jean Bateese,  
'Poleon Doré, Aimé Beaulieu, wit' some more  
man I can't tole you,  
Dat was mak' it bes' gang never run upon de  
St. Maurice.

Dis is jus' de tam I wish me, I could spik de  
good English—me—  
For tole you of de pleasement we get upon  
de spring,

'POLEON DORÉ—A TALE OF SAINT MAURICE

W'en de win' she's all a sleepin', an' de raf'  
she go a sweepin'

Down de reever on some morning, w'ile le  
rossignol is sing.

Ev'ryt'ing so nice an' quiet on de shore as we  
pass by it,

All de tree got fine new spring suit, ev'ry  
wan she's dress on green

W'y it mak' us all more younger, an' we don't  
feel any hunger,

Till de cook say "'Raw for breakfas'," den  
we smell de pork an' bean.

Some folk say she's bad for leever, but for man  
work hard on reever,

Dat's de bes' t'ing I can tole you, dat was  
never yet be seen,

Course dere's oder t'ing ah tak' me, fancy dish  
also I lak me,

But w'en I want somet'ing solid, please pass  
me de pork an' bean.

All dis tam de raf' she's goin' lak steamboat  
was got us towin'

All we do is keep de channel, an' dat's easy  
workin' dere,

'POLEON DORÉ—A TALE OF SAINT MAURICE

So we sing some song an' chorus, for de good  
tam dat's before us,

W'en de w'ole beez-ness she's finish, an'  
we come on Trois Rivières.

But bad luck is sometam fetch us, for beeg  
strong win' come an' ketch us,

Jus' so soon we struck de rapide—jus' so  
soon we see de smoke,

An' before we spik some prayer for ourse'f  
dat's fightin' dere,

Roun' we come upon de beeg rock, an' it's  
den de raf' she broke.

Dat was tam poor Paul Desjardins, from de  
parish of St. Germain,

He was long way on de fronte side, so he's  
fallin' overboar'

Couldn't swim at all de man say, but dat's  
more ma frien', I can say,

Any how he's look lak drownin', so we'll  
t'row him two t'ree oar.

Dat's 'bout all de help our man do, dat's 'bout  
ev'ryt'ing we can do,

As de crib we're hangin' onto balance on  
de rock itse'f,

'POLEON DORÉ—A TALE OF SAINT MAURICE

Till de young Napoleon Doré, heem I start for  
tole de story,

Holler out, "Mon Dieu, I don't lak see poor  
Paul go drown hese'f."

So he's mak' beeg jomp on water, jus' de sam  
you see some otter

An' he's pass on place w'ere Paul is tryin'  
hard for keep afloat,

Den we see Napoleon ketch heem, try hees  
possibill for fetch heem

But de current she's more stronger, an' de  
eddy get dem bote.

O Mon Dieu! for see dem two man, mak' me  
feel it cry lak woman,

Roun' an' roun' upon de eddy, quickly dem  
poor feller go,

Can't tole wan man from de oder, an' we'll  
know dem bote lak broder,

But de fight she soon is finish—Paul an'  
'Poleon go below.

Yass, an' all de tam we stay dere, only t'ing  
we do is pray dere,

For de soul poor drownin' feller, dat's enough  
mak' us feel mad,

. 'POLEON DORÉ—A TALE OF SAINT MAURICE

Torteen voyageurs, all brave man, glad get any  
chances save man,

But we don't see no good chances, can't do  
not'ing, dat's too bad.

Wall! at las' de crib she's come way off de  
rock, an' den on some way,

By an' by de w'ole gang's passin' on safe  
place below de Cuisse,

Ev'ryboddy's heart she's breakin', w'en dey  
see poor Paul he's taken

Wit' de young Napoleon Doré, bes' boy on  
de St. Maurice!

An' day affer, Bill McKeever fin' de bote man  
on de reever,

Wit' deir arm aroun' each oder, mebbe pass  
above dat way—

So we bury dem as we fin' dem, w'ere de pine  
tree wave behin' dem

An' de Grande Montagne he's lookin' down  
on Marcheterre Bay.

You can't hear no church bell ring dere, but le  
rossignol is sing dere,

An' w'ere ole red cross she's stannin', mebbe  
some good ange gardien,

## DE NOTAIRE PUBLIQUE

Watch de place w'ere bote man sleepin', keep  
de reever grass from creepin'  
On de grave of 'Poleon Doré, an' of poor  
Paul Desjardins.

### *De Notaire Publique*

**M'**SIEU Paul Joulin, de Notaire Publique  
Is come I s'pose seexty year hees life  
An' de mos' riche man on Sainte Angelique  
W'en he feel very sorry he got no wife—  
So he's paint heem hees buggy, lak new, by  
Gor!  
Put flower on hees coat, mak' hese'f more  
gay  
Arrange on hees head fine chapeau castor  
An' drive on de house of de Boulanger.

For de Boulanger's got heem une jolie fille  
Mos' bes' lookin' girl on paroisse dey say  
An' all de young feller is lak Julie  
An' plaintee is ax her for mak' mariée,  
But Julie she's love only jus' wan man,  
Hees nam' it is Jérémie Dandurand  
An' he's work for her sak' all de hard he can  
'Way off on de wood, up de Mattawa.

## DE NOTAIRE PUBLIQUE

M'Sieu Paul he spik him "Bonjour Mamzelle,  
You lak promenade on de church wit' me?  
Jus' wan leetle word an' we go ma belle  
An' see heem de Curé toute suite, chérie;  
I dress you de very bes' style à la mode,  
If you promise for be Madame Paul Joulin,  
For I got me fine house on Bord à Plouffe road  
Wit' mor'gage also on de Grande Moulin."

But Julie she say "Non, non, M'Sieu Paul,  
Dat's not correc' t'ing for poor Jérémié  
For I love dat young feller lak not'ing at all,  
An' I'm very surprise you was not know me.  
Jérémié w'en he's geev me dat nice gol' ring,  
Las' tam he's gone off on de Mattawa  
Say he's got 'noder wan w'en he's come nex'  
spring  
Was mak' me for sure Madame Dandurand.

"I t'ank you de sam' M'Sieu Paul Joulin  
I s'pose I mus' be de wife wan poor man  
Wit' no chance at all for de Grande Moulin.  
But leev all de tam on some small cabane."  
De Notaire Publique den is tak' hees hat,  
For he t'ink sure enough dat hees dog she's dead;  
Dere's no use mak' love on de girl lak dat,  
Wit' not'ing but young feller on de head.

## DE NOTAIRE PUBLIQUE

Julie she's feel lonesome mos' all dat week,  
Don't know w'at may happen she wait till  
spring

Den t'ink de fine house of Notaire Publique  
An' plaintee more too—but love's funny t'ing!  
So nex' tam she see de Notaire again,  
She laugh on her eye an' say "M'Sieu Paul  
Please pass on de house, or you ketch de rain,  
Dat's very long tam you don't come at all."

She's geev him so soon he's come on de door  
Du vin de pays, an' some nice galettes,  
She's mak' dem herse'f only day before  
An' he say "Bigosh! dat is fine girl yet."  
So he's try hees chances some more—hooraw!  
Julie is not mak' so moche troub' dis tam;  
She's forget de poor Jérémié Dandurand  
An' tole de Notaire she will be hees famme.

W'en Jérémié come off de wood nex' spring,  
An' fin' dat hees girl she was get mariée  
Everybody's expec' he will do somet'ing,  
But he don't do not'ing at all, dey say;  
For he's got 'noder girl on Sainte Dorothée,  
Dat he's love long tam, an' she don't say "No,"  
So he's forget too all about Julie  
An' mak' de mariée wit' hese'f also.



## MEMORIES

### *Memories*

O SPIRIT of the mountain that speaks to  
us to-night,  
Your voice is sad, yet still recalls past visions  
of delight,  
When 'mid the grand old Laurentides, old  
when the earth was new,  
With flying feet we followed the moose and caribou.  
  
And backward rush sweet memories, like frag-  
ments of a dream,  
We hear the dip of paddle blades, the ripple of  
the stream,  
The mad, mad rush of frightened wings from  
brake and covert start,  
The breathing of the woodland, the throb of  
nature's heart.  
  
Once more beneath our eager feet the forest  
carpet springs,  
We march through gloomy valleys, where the  
vesper sparrow sings.  
The little minstrel heeds us not, nor stays his  
plaintive song,  
As with our brave coureurs de bois we swiftly  
pass along.

## MEMORIES

Again o'er dark Wayagamack, in bark canoe we  
glide,  
And watch the shades of evening glance along  
the mountain side.  
Anon we hear resounding the wizard loon's  
wild cry,  
And mark the distant peak whereon the ling'ring  
echoes die.

But Spirit of the Northland! let the winter  
breezes blow,  
And cover every giant crag with rifts of driving  
snow.  
Freeze every leaping torrent, bind all the crystal  
lakes,  
Tell us of fiercer pleasures when the Storm  
King awakes.

And now the vision changes, the winds are  
loud and shrill,  
The falling flakes are shrouding the mountain  
and the hill,  
But safe within our snug cabane with comrades  
gathered near,  
We set the rafters ringing with "Roulant"  
and "Brigadier."

## MEMORIES

Then after Pierre and Telesphore have danced  
"Le Caribou,"

Some hardy trapper tells a tale of the dreaded  
Loup Garou,

Or phantom bark in moonlit heavens, with  
prow turned to the East,

Bringing the Western voyageurs to join the  
Christmas feast.

And while each backwoods troubadour is greeted  
with huzza

Slowly the homely incense of "tabac Cana-  
yen"

Rises and sheds its perfume like flowers of  
Araby,

O'er all the true-born loyal Enfants de la  
Patrie.

And thus with song and story, with laugh and  
jest and shout,

We heed not dropping mercury nor storms  
that rage without,

But pile the huge logs higher till the chimney  
roars with glee,

And banish spectral visions with La Chanson  
Normandie.

## DE STOVE PIPE HOLE

“Brigadier! répondit Pandore,  
Brigadier! vous avez raison,  
Brigadier! répondit Pandore,  
Brigadier! vous avez raison!”

O spirit of the mountain! that speaks to us  
to-night,  
Return again and bring us new dreams of past  
delight,  
And while our heart-throbs linger, and till our  
pulses cease,  
We'll worship thee among the hills where flows  
the Saint-Maurice.

### *De Stove Pipe Hole*

**D**AT'S very cole an' stormy night on Village  
St. Mathieu,  
W'en ev'ry wan he's go couché, an' dog was  
quiet, too—  
Young Dominique is start heem out see Em-  
meline Gourdon,  
Was leevin' on her fader's place, Maxime de  
Forgeron.

## DE STOVE PIPE HOLE

Poor Dominique he's lak dat girl, an' love her  
mos' de tam,  
An' she was mak' de promise—sure—some day  
she be his famme,  
But she have worse ole fader dat's never on de  
worl',  
Was swear onless he's riche lak diable, no feller's  
get hees girl.

He's mak' it plaintee fuss about hees daughter  
Emmeline,  
Dat's mebbe nice girl, too, but den, Mon Dieu,  
she's not de queen!  
An' w'en de young man's come aroun' for  
spark it on de door,  
An' hear de ole man swear "Bapteme!" he's  
never come no more.

Young Dominique he's sam' de res',—was scare  
for ole Maxime,  
He don't lak risk hese'f too moche for chances  
seein' heem,  
Dat's only stormy night he come, so dark you  
cannot see,  
An dat's de reason w'y also, he's climb de gallerie.

## DE STOVE PIPE HOLE

De girl she's waitin' dere for heem—don't  
care about de rain,  
So glad for see young Dominique he's comin'  
back again,  
Dey bote forget de ole Maxime, an' mak de  
embrasser  
An' affer dey was finish dat, poor Dominique is  
say—

“Good-bye, dear Emmeline, good-bye; I'm  
goin' very soon,  
For you I got no better chance, dan feller on de  
moon—  
It's all de fault your fader, too, dat I be go  
away,  
He's got no use for me at all—I see dat ev'ry  
day.

“He's never meet me on de road but he is say  
'Sapré!'  
An' if he ketch me on de house I'm scare he's  
killin' me,  
So I mus' lef' ole St. Mathieu, for work on  
'noder place,  
An' till I mak de beeg for-tune, you never see  
ma face.”

## DE STOVE PIPE HOLE

Den Emmeline say "Dominique, ma love you'll  
alway be

An' if you kiss me two, t'ree tam I'll not tole  
noboddy—

But prenez garde ma fader, please, I know  
he's gettin' ole—

All sam' he offen walk de house upon de stockin'  
sole.

"Good-bye, good-bye, cher Dominique! I know  
you will be true,

I don't want no riche feller me, ma heart she  
go wit' you,"

Dat's very quick he's kiss her den, before de  
fader come,

But don't get too moche pleasurement—so  
'fraid de ole Bonhomme.

Wall! jus' about dey're half way t'roo wit all  
dat love beez-ness

Emmeline say, "Dominique, w'at for you're  
scare lak all de res'?

Don't see mese'f moche danger now de ole man  
come aroun',"

W'en minute after dat, dere's noise, lak' house  
she's fallin' down.

## DE STOVE PIPE HOLE

Den Emmeline she holler "Fire! will no wan  
come for me?"

An Dominique is jomp so high, near bus' d  
gallerie,—

"Help! help! right off," somebody shout, "I'r  
killin' on ma place,

It's all de fault ma daughter, too, dat girl she'  
ma disgrace."

He's kip it up long tam lak dat, but not har  
tellin' now,

W'at's all de noise upon de house—who's kic  
heem up de row?

It seem Bonhomme was sneak aroun' upon d  
stockin' sole,

An' firs' t'ing den de ole man walk right t'ro  
de stove pipe hole.

W'en Dominique is see heem dere, wit' wa  
leg hang below,

An' 'noder leg straight out above, he's gla  
for ketch heem so—

De ole man can't do not'ing, den, but swea  
and ax for w'y

Noboddy tak' heem out dat hole before he'  
comin' die.



[ DE STOVE PIPE HOLE]

When Dominique he spik lak dis, "Mon cher  
M'sieur Gourdon  
I'm not riche city feller, me, I'm only hab-  
itant,  
but I was love more I can tole your daughter  
Emmeline,  
an' if I marry on dat girl, Bagosh! she's lak de  
Queen.

I want you mak de promise now, before it's  
come too late,  
an' I mus' tole you dis also, dere's not moche  
tam for wait.  
Your foot she's hangin' down so low, I'm 'fraid  
she ketch de cole,  
Vall! if you give me Emmeline, I pull you out  
de hole."

Dat mak' de ole man swear more hard he never  
swear before,  
an' wit' de foot he's got above, he's kick it  
on de floor,  
"Non, non," he say "Sapré tonnerre! she never  
marry you,  
an' if you don't look out you get de jail on  
St. Mathieu."

## DE STOVE PIPE HOLE

"Correc'," young Dominique is say, "mebbe  
de jail's tight place,  
But you got wan small corner, too, I see it on  
de face,  
So if you don't lak geev de girl on wan poor  
habitant,  
Dat's be mese'f, I say, Bonsoir, mon cher  
M'sieur Gourdon."

"Come back, come back," Maxime is shout—  
"I promise you de girl,  
I never see no wan lak you—no never on de  
worl'!  
It's not de nice trick you was play on man dat's  
gettin' ole,  
But do jus' w'at you lak, so long you pull me  
out de hole."

"Hooraw! Hooraw!" Den Dominique is pul  
heem out tout suite  
An' Emmeline she's helpin' too for place heer  
on de feet,  
An' 'affer dat de ole man's tak' de young pee  
down de stair,  
W'ere he is go couché right off, an' dey go o  
parloir.

## THE HILL OF ST. SEBASTIEN

Nex' Sunday morning dey was call by M'sieur  
le Curé.  
Get marry soon, an' ole Maxime geev Emmeline  
away;  
Den affer dat dey settle down lak habitant is  
do,  
an' have de mos' fine familee on Village St.  
Mathieu.

### *The Hill of St. Sebastien*

[ OUGHT to feel more satisfy an' happy dan  
I be,  
For better husban' dan ma own, it's very hard  
to fin'  
An' plaintee woman if dey got such boy an' girl  
as me  
Would never have no troub' at all, an' not'ing  
on deir min'  
But w'ile dey're alway wit' me, an' dough I love  
dem all  
I can't help t'inkin' w'en I watch de chil'ren  
out at play  
Of tam I'm just lak dat mese'f, an' den de tear  
will fall  
For de hill of St. Sebastien is very far away!

## THE HILL OF ST. SEBASTIEN

It seem so pleasan' w'en I come off here ten year  
ago

An' hardes' work I'm gettin' den, was never  
heavy load,

De roughes' place is smoot' enough, de quickes'  
gait is slow

For glad I am to foller w'ere Louis lead de  
road

But somet'ing's comin' over me, I feel it more  
an' more

It's alway pullin' on de heart, an' stronger  
ev'ry day,

An' O! I long to see again de reever an' de  
shore

W'ere de hill of St. Sebastien is lookin' on  
de bay!

I use to t'ink it's fine t'ing once, to stan' upon  
de door

An' see de great beeg medder dere, stretchin'  
far an' wide,

An' smell de pleasan' flower dat grow lak star  
on de prairie floor,

An' watch de spotted antelope was feedin'  
ev'ry side,

## THE HILL OF ST. SEBASTIEN

How did we gain it, man an' wife, dis lan' was  
no man's lan'?

By rifle, an' harrow an' plow, shovel an' spade  
an' hoe

De blessin' of good God up above, an' work of our  
own strong han'

Till it stan' on de middle, our leetle nes', w'ere  
de wheat an' cornfiel' grow.

An' soon de chil'ren fill de house, wit' musique  
all day long,

De sam' ma moder use to sing on de cradle over  
me,

I'm almos' sorry it's be ma fault dey learn dem  
ole tam song

W'at good is it tak' me off lak dat back on ma  
own contree?

Till de reever once more I see again, an' lissen  
its current flow

An' dere's Hercule de ferry man comin' across  
de bay!

Wat's use of foolin' me lak dat? for surely I  
mus' know

De hill of St. Sebastien is very far away!

## THE HILL OF ST. SEBASTIEN

W'en Louis ketch me dat summer night watchin'  
de sky above,  
Seein' de mountain an' de lake, wit' small boat  
sailin' roun'  
He kiss me an' say—"Toinette, I'm glad dis  
prairie lan' you love  
For travel de far you can, ma belle, it's fines'  
on top de groun'!"  
Jus' w'en I'm lookin' dat beeg cloud too, stand-  
in' dere lak a wall!  
Sam' as de hill I know so well, home on ma own  
contree,  
Good job I was cryin' quiet den, an' Louis can't  
hear at all  
But I kiss de poor feller an' laugh, an' never  
say not'ing—me.

W'at can you do wit' man lak dat, an' w'y am  
I bodder so?  
De firse t'ing he might fin' it out, den hees  
heart will feel it sore  
An' if he say "Come home Toinette," I'm sure  
I mus' answer "No,"  
For if I'm seein' dat place again, I never  
return no more!

## MON FRERE CAMILLE

So let de heart break—I don't care, I won't  
say not'ing—me—

I'll mak' dat promise on mese'f, an' kip it night  
an' day

But O! Mon Dieu! how glad, how glad, an'  
happy I could be

If de hill of St. Sebastien was not so far  
away!

### *Mon Frere Camille*

**M**ON frere Camille he was first class blood  
W'en he come off de State las' fall,

Wearin' hees boot a la mode box toe

An' diamon' pin on hees shirt also

Sam' as dem feller on Chi-caw-go;

But now he's no blood at all,

Camille, mon frere.

W'at's makin' dat change on mon frere Camille?

Wall! lissen for minute or two,

An' I'll try feex it up on de leetle song

Dat's geevin' some chance kin' o' help it along

So wedder I'm right or wedder I'm wrong

You'll know all about heem w'en I get t'roo,

Mon frere Camille.

## MON FRERE CAMILLE

He never sen' letter for t'orteen year  
So of course he mus' be all right  
Till telegraph's comin' from Kan-Ka-Kee  
"I'm leffin' dis place on de half pas' t'ree  
W'at you want to bring is de bes' buggee  
An' double team sure for me t'orsday night  
Ton frere Camille."

I wish you be dere w'en Camille arrive  
I bet you will say "W'at's dat?"  
For he's got leetle cap very lak tuque bleu  
Ole habitant's wearin' in bed, dat's true,  
An' w'at do you t'ink he carry too?  
Geev it up? Wall! small valise wit' de fine  
plug hat.  
Mon frere Camille.

"Very strange." I know you will say right off,  
For dere's not'ing wrong wit' hees clothes,  
An' he put on style all de bes' he can  
Wit' diamon' shinin' across hees han'  
An' de way he's talkin' lak Yankee man  
Mus' be purty hard on hees nose,  
Mon frere Camille.



## MON FRERE CAMILLE

But he 'splain all dat about funny cap,  
An' tole us de reason w'y,  
It seem no feller can travel far,  
An' specially too on de Pullman car,  
'Less dey wear leetle cap only cos' dollarre,  
Dat's true if he never die,  
Mon frere Camille.

Don't look very strong dem fancy boot  
But he's 'splain all dat also  
He say paten' ledder she's nice an' gay  
You don't need to polish dem ev'ry day,  
Besides he's too busy for dat alway,  
W'en he's leevin' on Chi-caw-go,  
Mon frere Camille.

But de State she wasn't de only place  
He visit all up an' down,  
For he's goin' Cu-baw an' de Mex-i-co,  
W'ere he's killin' two honder dem wil' taureau,  
W'at you call de bull: on de circus show,  
O! if you believe heem he travel roun'.  
Mon frere Camille.

## MON FRERE CAMILLE

So of course w'en ma broder was gettin' home  
All the peop' on de parish come  
Every night on de parlor for hear heem tell  
How he foller de brave Generale Roosvel'  
W'en rough rider feller dey fight lak hell  
An' he walk on de front wit' great beeg drum,  
Mon frere Camille.

An' how is he gainin' dat diamon' ring?  
Way off on de Mex-i-co  
W'ere he's pilin' de bull wan summer day  
Till it's not easy haulin' dem all away,  
An' de lady dey're t'rowin' heem large bouquet  
For dey lak de style he was keel taureau,  
Mon frere Camille.

Wall! he talk dat way all de winter t'roo,  
An' hees frien' dey was tryin' fin'  
Some bull on de county dat's wil' enough  
For mon frere Camille, but it's purty tough  
'Cos de farmer's not raisin' such fightin' stuff  
An' he don't want not'ing but mos' worse  
kin'

Mon frere Camille.

## MON FRERE CAMILLE

Dat's not pleasan' t'ing mebbe los' hees trade,  
If we don't hurry up, for sure,  
I s'pose you t'ink I was goin' it strong?  
Never min', somet'ing happen 'fore very long  
It'll all come out on dis leetle song  
W'en he pass on de house of Ma-dame Latour  
Camille, mon frere.

We're makin' pique-nique on Denise Latour  
For helpin' put in de hay  
Too bad she's de moder large familiee  
An' los' de bes' husban' she never see  
W'en he drown on de reever, poor Jeremie,  
So he come wit' de res' of de gang dat day,  
Camille, mon frere.

An' affer de hay it was put away  
Don't tak' very long at all,  
De boy an' de girl she was lookin' 'roun'  
For havin' more fun 'fore dey lef' de groun'  
An' dey see leetle bull, mebbe t'ree honder poun'  
An' nex' t'ing I hear dem call  
Mon frere Camille.

## MON FRERE CAMILLE

So nice leetle feller I never see

Dat bull of Ma-dame Latour

Wit' curly hair on de front hees head

An' quiet? jus' sam' he was almos' dead

An' fat? wall! de chil'ren dey see heem fed

So he's not goin' keel heem I'm very sure,

Mon frere Camille

But de girl kip teasin' an' ole Ma-dame

She say, "You can go ahead

He cos' me four dollarre six mont' ago

So if anyt'ing happen ma small taureau,

Who's pay me dat monee I lak to know?"

An' he answer, "Dat's me w'en I keel heer  
dead"

Mon frere Camille

Den he feex beeg knife on de twelve foot pole,

So de chil'ren commence to cry

An' he jomp on de fence, an' yell, "Hooraw"

An' shout on de leetle French bull "Dis donc!

Ain't you scare w'en you see feller from Cubaw?"

An' he show heem hees red necktie,

Mon frere Camille

## MON FRERE CAMILLE

L'petit taureau w'en he see dat tie  
He holler for half a mile  
Den he jomp on de leg an' he raise de row  
Ba Golly! I'm sure I can see heem now.  
An' dey run w'en dey hear heem, de noder cow  
Den he say, "Dat bull must be surely wil'"  
Mon frere Camille.

But de bull don't care w'at he say at all,  
For he's watchin' dat red necktie  
An' w'en ma broder he push de pole  
I'm sure it's makin' some purty large hole,  
If de bull be dere, but ma blood run col'  
For de nex' t'ing I hear heem cry,  
Camille, mon frere.

No wonder he cry, for dat sapree bull  
He's yell leetle bit some more,  
Den he ketch ma broder dat small taureau  
Only cos' four dollarre six mont' ago  
An' he's t'rowin' heem up from de groun' below  
Wan tam, two tam, till he's feelin' sore,  
Camille, mon frere.

## STRATHCONA'S HORSE

An' w'en ma broder's come down agen  
I s'pose he mus' change hees min'  
An' mebbe t'ink if it's all de sam'  
He'll keel dat bull w'en he get more tam  
For dere he was runnin' wit' ole Ma-dame  
De chil'ren, de bull, an' de cow behin'  
Camille, mon frere.

So dat's de reason he's firse class blood  
W'en he come off de State las' fall  
Wearin' hees boot a la mode box toe  
An' diamon' pin on hees shirt also  
Sam' as dem feller on Chi-caw-go  
But now he's no blood at all,  
Camille, mon frere.

### *Strathcona's Horse*

*(Dedicated to Lord Strathcona)*

O I was thine, and thou wert mine, and ours  
the boundless plain,  
Where the winds of the North, my gallant steed,  
ruffled thy tawny mane,  
But the summons hath come with roll of drum,  
and bugles ringing shrill,  
Startling the prairie antelope, the grizzly of the  
hill.

## STRATHCONA'S HORSE

'Tis the voice of Empire calling, and the children gather fast  
From every land where the cross bar floats out  
from the quivering mast;  
So into the saddle I leap, my own, with bridle  
swinging free,  
And thy hoof-beats shall answer the trumpets  
blowing across the sea.  
Then proudly toss thy head aloft, nor think of  
the foe to-morrow,  
For he who dares to stay our course drinks deep  
of the Cup of Sorrow.

Thy form hath pressed the meadow's breast,  
where the sullen grey wolf hides,  
The great red river of the North hath cooled  
thy burning sides;  
Together we've slept while the tempest swept  
the Rockies' glittering chain;  
And many a day the bronze centaur hath galloped  
behind in vain.  
But the sweet wild grass of mountain pass, and  
the shimmering summer streams  
Must vanish forevermore, perchance, into the  
land of dreams;

## JOHNNIE'S FIRST MOOSE

For the strong young North hath sent us forth  
to battlefields far away,  
And the trail that ends where Empire trends,  
is the trail we ride to-day.  
But proudly toss thy head aloft, nor think of  
the foe to-morrow,  
For he who bars Strathcona's Horse, drinks deep  
of the Cup of Sorrow.

### *Johnnie's First Moose*

**D**E cloud is hide de moon, but dere's plain-  
tee light above,

Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down low,  
Move de paddle leetle quicker, an' de ole canoe  
we'll shove

T'roo de water nice an' quiet

For de place we're goin' try it

Is beyon' de silver birch dere

You can see it lak a church dere

W'en we're passin' on de corner w'ere de lily  
flower grow.

Wasn't dat correc' w'at I'm tolin' you jus' now?  
Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down low,  
Never min', I'll watch behin'—me—an' you  
can watch de bow



## JOHNNIE'S FIRST MOOSE

An' you'll see a leetle clearer  
W'en canoe is comin' nearer—  
Dere she is—now easy, easy,  
For de win' is gettin' breezy,

An' we don't want not'ing smell us, till de  
horn begin to blow—

I remember long ago w'en ma fader tak' me out,  
Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down low,  
Jus' de way I'm takin' you, sir, hello! was  
dat a shout?

Seems to me I t'ink I'm hear'n'  
Somet'ing stirrin' on de clearin'  
W'ere it stan' de lumber shaintee,  
If it's true, den you'll have plaintee

Work to do in half a minute, if de moose don't  
start to go.

An' now we're on de shore, let us hide de ole  
canoe,

Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down low,  
An' lie among de rushes, dat's bes' t'ing we  
can do,

For de ole boy may be closer  
Dan anybody know, sir,

## JOHNNIE'S FIRST MOOSE

An' look out you don't be shakin'  
Or de bad shot you'll be makin'  
But I'm feelin' sam' way too, me, w'en I was  
young, also—

You ready for de call? here goes for number wan,  
Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down  
low,

Did you hear how nice I do it, an' how it  
travel on

Till it reach across de reever

Dat'll geev' some moose de fever!

Wait now, Johnnie, don't you worry,

No use bein' on de hurry,

But lissen for de answer, it'll come before you  
know.

For w'y you jomp lak dat? w'at's matter wit'  
your ear?

Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down  
low—

Tak' your finger off de trigger, dat was only  
bird you hear,

Can't you tell de pine tree crickin'

Or de boule frog w'en he's spikin'?

## JOHNNIE'S FIRST MOOSE

Don't you know de grey owl singin'  
From de beeg moose w'en he's ringin'  
Out hees challenge on de message your ole  
gran'fader blow?

You're lucky boy to-night, wit' hunter man  
lak me!

Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down  
low—

Can tole you all about it! H-s-ssh! dat's  
somet'ing now I see,

Dere he's comin' t'roo de bushes,  
So get down among de rushes,  
Hear heem walk! I t'ink, by tonder,  
He mus' go near fourteen honder!

Dat's de feller I been watchin' all de evening,  
I dunno.

I'll geev' anoder call, jus' a leetle wan or two,  
Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down  
low—

W'en he see dere's no wan waitin' I wonder  
w'at he'll do?

But look out for here he's comin'  
Sa-pris-ti! ma heart is drummin'!

## JOHNNIE'S FIRST MOOSE

You can never get heem nearer  
An' de moon is shinin' clearer,  
W'at a fine shot you'll be havin'! now Johnnie  
let her go!

Bang! bang! you got heem sure! an' he'll  
never run away

Nor feed among de lily on de shore of Wes-  
sonneau,

So dat's your firse moose, Johnnie! wall! re-  
member all I say—

Doesn't matter w'at you're chasin',

Doesn't matter w'at you're facin',

Only watch de t'ing you're doin'

If you don't, ba gosh! you're ruin!

An' steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down  
low.

### *Donal' Campbell*

**D**ONAL' CAMPBELL—Donald Bane—sailed  
away across the ocean

With the tartans of Clan Gordon, to the Indies'  
distant shore,

But on Dargai's lonely hillside, Donal' Campbell  
met the foeman,

And the glen of Athol Moray will never see  
him more.

## DONAL' CAMPBELL

O! the wailing of the women, O! the storm of  
bitter sorrow

Sweeping like the wintry torrent thro' Athol  
Moray's glen

When the black word reached the clansmen,  
that young Donal' Bane had fallen

In the red glare of the battle, with the gallant  
Gordon men!

Far from home and native sheiling, with the  
sun of India o'er him

Blazing down its cruel hatred on the white-  
faced men below

Stood young Donal' with his comrades, like the  
hound of ghostly Fingal

Eager, waiting for the summons to leap up  
against the foe—

Hark! at last! the pipes are pealing out the  
welcome Caber Feidh

And wild the red blood rushes thro' every  
Highland vein

They breathe the breath of battle, the children  
of the Gael,

And fiercely up the hillside, they charge and  
charge again—

## DONAL' CAMPBELL

And the grey eye of the Highlands, now is  
dark as blackest midnight,  
The history of their fathers is written on each  
face,  
Of border creach and foray, of never yielding  
conflict  
Of all the memories shrouding a stern uncon-  
quered race!

And up the hillside, up the mountain, while  
the war-pipes shrilly clamour  
Bayonet thrusting, broadsword cleaving, the  
Northern soldiers fought  
Till the sun of India saw them victors o'er the  
dusky foemen,  
For who can stay the Celtic hand when Celtic  
blood is hot?

But the corse of many a clansman from the far-  
off Scottish Highlands  
'Mid the rocks of savage Dargai is lying cold  
and still  
With the death-dew on its forehead, and young  
Donal' Campbell's tartan  
Bears a deeper stain of purple than the heather  
of the hill!

## PHIL-O-RUM'S CANOE

Mourn him! Mourn him thro' the mountains,  
wail him women of Clan Campbell!  
Let the Coronach be sounded till it reach the  
Indian shore  
For your beautiful has fallen in the foremost  
of the battle  
And the glen of Athol Moray will never see  
him more.

### *Phil-o-Rum's Canoe*

“O MA ole canoe! w'at's matter wit' you,  
an' w'y was you be so slow?

Don't I work hard enough on de paddle, an'  
still you don't seem to go—

No win' at all on de fronte side, an' .current  
she don't be strong,

Den w'y are you lak lazy feller, too sleepy for  
move along?

“I 'member de tam w'en you jomp de sam' as  
deer wit' de wolf behin'

An' brochet on de top de water, you scare  
heem mos' off hees min';

But fish don't care for you now at all, only jus'  
mebbe wink de eye,

For he know it's easy git out de way w'en you  
was a passin' by.”

## PHIL-O-RUM'S CANOE

I'm spikin' dis way jus' de oder day w'en I'm  
out wit' de ole canoe,  
Crossin' de point w'ere I see las' fall wan very  
beeg caribou,  
W'en somebody say, "Phil-o-rum, mon vieux,  
wat's matter wit' you youse'f?"  
An' who do you s'pose was talkin'? w'y de  
poor ole canoe shese'f.

O yass, I'm scare w'en I'm sittin' dere, an'  
she's callin' ma nam' dat way:  
"Phil-o-rum Juneau, w'y you spik so moche,  
you're off on de head to-day  
Can't be you forget ole feller, you an' me  
we're not too young,  
An' if I'm lookin' so ole lak you, I t'ink I  
will close ma tongue.

"You should feel ashame; for you're alway  
blame, w'en it isn't ma fault at all  
For I'm tryin' to do bes' I can for you on  
summer-tam, spring, an' fall.  
How offen you drown on de reever if I'm not  
lookin' out for you  
W'en you're takin' too moche on de w'isky  
some night comin' down de Soo.



## PHIL-O-RUM'S CANOE

“De firse tam we go on de Wessoneau no feller can beat us den,  
For you're purty strong man wit' de paddle,  
but dat's long ago ma frien',  
An' win' she can blow off de mountain, an' tonder an' rain may come,  
But camp see us bote on de evening—you know dat was true Phil-o-rum.

“An' who's your horse too, but your ole canoe, an' w'en you feel cole an' wet  
Who was your house w'en I'm upside down an' onder de roof you get,  
Wit' rain ronnin' down ma back, Baptême! till I'm gettin' de rheumateez,  
An' I never say not'ing at all, moi-même, but let you do jus' you please.

“You t'ink it was right, kip me out all night on reever side down below,  
An' even 'Bon Soir' you was never say, but off on de camp you go  
Leffin' your poor ole canoe behin' lyin' dere on de groun'  
Watchin' de moon on de water, an' de bat flyin' all aroun'.

## PHIL-O-RUM'S CANOE

“O! dat’s lonesome t’ing hear de grey owl  
sing up on de beeg pine tree  
An’ many long night she kip me awake till sun  
on de eas’ I see,  
An’ den you come down on de morning for  
start on some more voyage.  
An’ only t’ing decen’ you do all day is carry  
me on portage.

“Dat’s way Phil-o-rum, rheumateez she come,  
wit’ pain ronnin’ troo ma side  
Wan leetle hole here, noder beeg wan dere, dat  
not’ing can never hide;  
Don’t do any good fix me up agen, no matter  
how moche you try,  
For w’en we come ole an’ our work she’s  
done, bote man an’ canoe mus’ die.”

Wall! she talk dat way mebbe mos’ de day,  
till we’re passin’ some beaver dam  
An’ wan de young beaver he’s mak’ hees tail  
come down on de water flam!  
I never see de canoe so scare, she jomp nearly  
two, t’ree feet  
I t’ink she was goin’ for ronne away, an’ she  
shut up de mout’ toute suite.

## PHIL-O-RUM'S CANOE

It mak' me feel queer, de strange t'ing I hear,  
an' I'm glad she don't spik no more,  
But soon as we fin' ourse'f arrive over dere on  
de noder shore  
I tak' dat canoe lak de lady, an' carry her off  
wit' me,  
For I'm sorry de way I treat her, an' she  
know more dan me, sapree!

Yass! dat's smart canoe, an' I know it's true,  
w'at she's spikin' wit' me dat day,  
I'm not de young feller I use to be w'en work  
she was only play;  
An' I know I was comin' closer on place w'ere  
I mus' tak' care  
W'ere de mos' worse current's de las' wan too,  
de current of Dead Riviere.

You can only steer, an' if rock be near, wit'  
wave dashin' all aroun',  
Better mak' leetle prayer, for on Dead Riviere  
some very smart man get drown;  
But if you be locky an' watch youse'f, mebbe  
reever won't seem so wide,  
An' firse t'ing you know you'll ronne ashore,  
safe on de noder side.

## THE VOYAGEUR

### *The Voyageur*

**D**ERE'S somet'ing stirrin' ma blood to-  
night,

On de night of de young new year,  
W'ile de camp is warm an' de fire is bright,  
An' de bottle is close at han'—  
Out on de reever de nort' win' blow,  
Down on de valley is pile de snow,  
But w'at do we care so long we know  
We're safe on de log cabane?

Drink to de healt' of your wife an' girl,  
Anoder wan for your frien',  
Den geev' me a chance, for on all de worl'  
I've not many frien' to spare—  
I'm born, w'ere de mountain scrape de sky,  
An' bone of ma fader an' moder lie,  
So I fill de glass an' I raise it high  
An' drink to de Voyageur.

For dis is de night of de jour de l'an,\*  
W'en de man of de Grand Nor' Wes'  
T'ink of hees home on de St. Laurent,  
An' frien' he may never see—

\* New Year's Day.

## THE VOYAGEUR

Gone he is now, an' de beeg canoe  
No more you'll see wit' de red-shirt crew,  
But long as he leev' he was alway true,  
So we'll drink to hees memory.

Ax' heem de nort' win' w'at he see  
Of de Voyageur long ago,  
An' he'll say to you w'at he say to me,  
So lissen hees story well—  
“I see de track of hees botte sau-vage\*  
On many a hill an' long portage  
Far, far away from hees own vill-age  
An' soun' of de parish bell—

“I never can play on de Hudson Bay  
Or mountain dat lie between  
But I meet heem singin' hees lonely way  
De happies' man I know—  
I cool hees face as he's sleepin' dere  
Under de star of de Red Rivière,  
An' off on de home of de great w'ite bear,  
I'm seein' hees dog traineau.†

“De woman an' chil'ren's runnin' out  
On de wigwam of de Cree—  
De leetle papoose dey laugh an' shout  
W'en de soun' of hees voice dey hear—

\* Indian boot.

† Dog-sleigh.

## THE VOYAGEUR

De oldes' warrior of de Sioux  
Kill hese'f dancin' de w'ole night t'roo,  
An de Blackfoot girl remember too  
De ole tam Voyageur.

"De blaze of hees camp on de snow I see,  
An' I lissen hees 'En Roulant'  
On de lan' w'ere de reindeer travel free,  
Ringin' out strong an' clear—  
Offen de grey wolf sit before  
De light is come from hees open door,  
An' caribou foller along de shore  
De song of de Voyageur.

"If he only kip goin', de red ceinture,\*  
I'd see it upon de Pole  
Some mornin' I'm startin' upon de tour  
For blowin' de worl' aroun'—  
But w'erever he sail an' w'erever he ride,  
De trail is long an' de trail is wide,  
An' city an' town on ev'ry side  
Can tell of hees campin' groun'."

So dat's de reason I drink to-night  
To de man of de Grand Nor' Wes',  
For hees heart was young, an' hees heart was  
light

\* Canadian sash.

## MEB-BE

So long as he's leevin' dere—  
I'm proud of de sam' blood in my vein  
I'm a son of de Nort' Win' wance again—  
So we'll fill her up till de bottle's drain  
An' drink to de Voyageur.

### *Meb-be*

A QUIET boy was Joe Bedotte,  
An' no sign anyw'ere  
Of anyt'ing at all he got  
Is up to ordinaire—  
An' w'en de teacher tell heem go  
An' tak' a holiday,  
For wake heem up, becos' he's slow,  
Poor Joe would only say,  
"Wall! meb-be."

Don't bodder no wan on de school  
Unless dey bodder heem,  
But all de scholar t'ink he's fool  
Or walkin' on a dream—  
So w'en dey're closin' on de spring  
Of course dey're moche surprise  
Dat Joe is takin' ev'ryt'ing  
Of w'at you call de prize.

An' den de teacher say, "Jo-seph,  
 I know you're workin' hard—  
 Becos' w'en I am pass mese'f  
 I see you on de yard  
 A-splittin' wood—no doubt you stay  
 An' study half de night?"  
 An' Joe he spik de sam' ole way  
 So quiet an' polite,

"Wall! meb-be."

Hees fader an' hees moder die  
 An' lef' heem dere alone  
 Wit' chil'ren small enough to cry,  
 An' farm all rock an' stone—  
 But Joe is fader, moder too,  
 An' work bote day an' night  
 An' clear de place—dat's w'at he do,  
 An' bring dem up all right.

De Curé say, "Jo-seph, you know  
 Le bon Dieu's very good—  
 He feed de small bird on de snow,  
 De caribou on de wood—  
 But you deserve some credit too—  
 I spik of dis before."

So Joe he dunno w'at to do  
 An' only say wance more,

"Wall! meb-be."



## DOMINIQUE

An' Joe he leev' for many year  
An' helpin' ev'ry wan  
Upon de parish far an' near  
Till all hees money's gone—  
An' den de Curé come again  
Wit' tear-drop on hees eye—  
He know for sure poor Joe, hees frien',  
Is well prepare to die.

“Wall! Joe, de work you done will tell  
W'en you get up above—  
De good God he will treat you well  
An' geev' you all hees love.  
De poor an' sick down here below,  
I'm sure dey'll not forget,”  
An' w'at you t'ink he say, poor Joe,  
Drawin' hees only breat'?  
“Wall! meb-be.”

### *Dominique*

**Y**OU dunno ma leetle boy Dominique?  
Never see heem runnin' roun' about de  
place?  
'Cos I want to get advice how to kip heem  
lookin' nice,  
So he won't be alway dirty on de face—

## DOMINIQUE

Now dat leetle boy of mine, Dominique,  
If you wash heem an' you sen' heem off to  
school,  
But instead of goin' dere, he was playin' fox  
an' hare—  
Can you tell me how to stop de leetle fool?

“I'd tak' dat leetle feller Dominique,  
An' I'd put heem on de cellar ev'ry day,  
An' for workin' out a cure, bread an' water's  
very sure,  
You can bet he mak' de promise not to  
play!”

Dat's very well to say, but ma leetle Domi-  
nique  
W'en de jacket we put on heem's only new,  
An' he's goin' travel roun' on de medder up  
an' down,  
Wit' de strawberry on hees pocket runnin'  
t'roo,  
An' w'en he climb de fence, see de hole upon  
hees pant,  
No wonder hees poor moder's feelin' mad!  
So if you ketch heem den, w'at you want to  
do, ma frien'?  
Tell me quickly an' before he get too bad.

## DOMINIQUE

“I’d lick your leetle boy Dominique,  
I’d lick heem till he’s cryin’ purty hard,  
An’ for fear he’s gettin’ spile, I’d geev’ heem  
castor ile,  
An’ I wouldn’t let heem play outside de yard.”

If you see ma leetle boy Dominique  
Hangin’ on to poor ole “Billy” by de tail,  
W’en dat horse is feelin’ gay, lak I see heem  
yesterday,  
I s’pose you t’ink he’s safer on de jail?  
W’en I’m lightin’ up de pipe on de evenin’  
affer work,  
An’ de powder dat young rascal’s puttin’ in,  
It was makin’ such a pouf, nearly blow me  
t’roo de roof—  
W’at’s de way you got of showin’ ’twas a sin?

“Wall! I put heem on de jail right away,  
You may bet de wan is got de beeges’ wall!  
A honder foot or so, w’ere dey never let heem go,  
Non! I wouldn’t kip a boy lak dat at all.”

Dat’s good advice for sure, very good,  
On de cellar, bread an’ water—it’ll do,  
De nice sweet castor ile geev’ heem ev’ry leetle  
w’ile,  
An’ de jail to finish up wit’ w’en he’s t’roo!

## THE BOY FROM CALABOGIE

Ah! ma frien', you never see Dominique,  
W'en he's lyin' dere asleep upon de bed,  
If you do, you say to me, "W'at an angel he  
mus' be,  
An' dere can't be not'ing bad upon hees head."

Many t'ank for your advice, an' it may be  
good for some,  
But de reason you was geev' it isn't very  
hard to seek—  
Yass! it's easy seein' now w'en de talk is  
over, how  
You dunno ma leetle boy Dominique.

### *The Boy from Calabogie*

**H**E was twenty-one in April—forty inches  
round the chest,  
A soupler or a better boy we'll never see  
again—  
And the way we cheered the lad when he  
started for the West!  
The town was like a holiday, the time he  
took the train  
At Calabogie.

## THE BOY FROM CALABOGIE

“Are ye ever comin’ back with the fortune,  
little Dan,  
From the place they say the money’s like  
the leaves upon the tree?”  
“If the minin’ boss’ll let me, as sure as I’m  
a man,  
The mother’s Christmas turkey won’t have  
to wait for me  
At Calabogie.”

And the letters he was writin’ to his mother  
from the West,  
Sure ev’rybody read them, and who could  
see the harm?  
Tellin’ how he’d keep the promise to come  
home and have a rest;  
And the money that was in them was  
enough to buy a farm  
At Calabogie.

What is it that makes the fever leave the  
weak and kill the strong,  
And who’d ‘a’ thought our Dannie would  
ever come to this?

## THE LAST PORTAGE

When the Sister had to raise him, and say,  
    "It won't be long  
Till it's home, my lad, you're goin' to re-  
ceive a mother's kiss  
        At Calabogie."

So we met our little Dannie, Christmas morn-  
ing at the train,  
And we lifted up the long-box without a  
word to say;  
Och! such a boy as Dannie we'll never see  
again  
God forgive us! 'twasn't much of a Merry  
Christmas Day  
        At Calabogie!

### *The Last Portage*

I'M sleepin' las' night w'en I dream a dream  
    An' a wonderful wan it seem—  
For I'm off on de road I was never see,  
Too long an' hard for a man lak me,  
So ole he can only wait de call  
Is sooner or later come to all.

## THE LAST PORTAGE

De night is dark an de portage dere  
Got plaintee o' log lyin' ev'ryw'ere,  
Black bush aroun' on de right an' lef',  
A step from de road an' you los' you'se'f  
De moon an' de star above is gone,  
Yet somet'ing tell me I mus' go on.

An' off in front of me as I go,  
Light as a dreef of de fallin' snow—  
Who is dat leetle boy dancin' dere  
Can see hees w'ite dress an' curly hair,  
An' almos' touch heem, so near to me  
In an' out dere among de tree?

An' den I'm hearin' a voice is say,  
"Come along, fader, don't min' de way,  
De boss on de camp he sen' for you,  
So your leetle boy's going to guide you t'roo  
It's easy for me, for de road I know,  
'Cos I travel it many long year ago."

An' oh! mon Dieu! w'en he turn hees head  
I'm seein' de face of ma boy is dead—  
Dead wit' de young blood in hees vein—  
An' dere he's comin' wance more again  
Wit' de curly hair, an' dark-blue eye,  
So lak de blue of de summer sky—

## THE LAST PORTAGE

An' now no more for de road I care;  
An' slippery log lyin' ev'ryw'ere—  
De swamp on de valley, de mountain too,  
But climb it jus' as I use to do—  
Don't stop on de road, for I need no res'  
So long as I see de leetle w'ite dress.

An' I foller it on, an' wance in a w'ile  
He turn again wit' de baby smile,  
An' say, "Dear fader, I'm here you see—  
We're bote togeder, jus' you an' me—  
Very dark to you, but to me it's light,  
De road we travel so far to-night.

"De boss on de camp w'ere I alway stay  
Since ever de tam I was go away,  
He welcome de poores' man dat call,  
But love de leetle wan bes' of all,  
So dat's de reason I spik for you  
An' come to-night for to bring you t'roo."

Lak de young Jesu w'en he's here below  
De face of ma leetle son look jus' so—  
Den off beyon', on de bush I see  
De w'ite dress fadin' among de tree—  
Was it a dream I dream las' night  
Is goin' away on de morning light?





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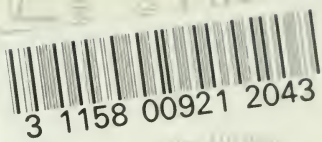
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